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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL T. CLOVER, Editor R. O. FOOTE, Associate

NOT A WAR OF OUR CHOOSING

FOR a thousand reasons we want no war with Mexico; yet war is on. Blood has been spilled on both sides and the horrid madness that is sweeping the earth like a plague has reached us. Patience is mistaken for cowardice. A friendly wish to help the Mexicans put their house in order is set down as Imperialism, and so the tale runs. Real understanding seems hopeless without recourse to arms and the fight below the border will not be war according to our code but a succession of savage onslaughts that make one shudder with apprehension. Carranza either is playing to the gallery or is unable to control his people. Or worse still, has been converted by specious argument and shipments of foreign gold to accept bad advice. Rumors are rife and accurate news scarce. But Mr. Wilson's second term in the presidency will probably be decided within the month. How the situation in Mexico is handled at the start is, perhaps, the most critical thing in our history since the Civil war.

PEOPLE BETRAYED BY THEIR LEADERS

PROPOSERS of public measures which require ratification by popular vote, in Los Angeles, particularly such as involve an increase in the bonded debt or rate of taxation, are wholly discouraged by the results of recent special municipal elections. The Second Street Tunnel Association, deserving as it is of assistance is, nevertheless, wise in recognizing frankly the hopelessness of waiting for it, and in deciding to do what it can with its own resources. The city is in dire need of money for the sewer system, but the bonds having failed of approval, several hundred thousand dollars must be added to the tax levy this year for temporary repairs and improvements, which will be just so much wasted, so far as permanent results are concerned. We shall have to get along with our old crazy quilt of a charter for several years more, because the people turned down the new one. "Hit it on the head" seems to be the popular slogan in Los Angeles for these referendum measures, of whatever character. And in the inability of the county to obtain money for road improvements, we find merely the reflex of local conditions. True, the county was not in the Owens river plot, directly, but the city is a part of the county, and the circumstances of our municipal folly are now notorious, far beyond the county boundaries. The blunt, brutal fact of the matter is that the people have lost faith in their leaders, which means in the first instance, the local press. It is true that there is a general desire to keep down the tax rate. But when Los Angeles newspapers, clamoring for a lowering of the tax rate, at the same time frantically advocate every initiative or referendum measure which seems to have friends who may be subscribers, regardless of economy, the public sneers—and turns thumbs down at the ballot box. And since it has learned to recognize private greed in the editorial attitude of newspapers toward such public questions, the electorate looks for an axe. Desiring a lower tax rate, the voters have themselves insured a continuance of a higher rate by their folly in defeating the sewer bonds. What is the answer? Manifestly, they did not apprehend that this would be the effect. Too many of them went to the polls with the sole idea of voting "no" on every proposition. They had no faith in the newspapers. They were resentful at past betrayal, and are now themselves betrayed by their own act. The people of Los Angeles have

amended their municipal charter frequently—amended it so profusely, indeed, that it has Joseph's celebrated coat beaten a mile for variegated texture. Yet four times they have refused to approve carefully constructed new charters, the work of their own duly chosen boards of freeholders. Why? They have been unable to assimilate understandingly the great mass of provisions in a new charter, and having no confidence in the assurances that they were desirable, have turned thumbs down. A burnt child dreads the fire.

"AMERICANISM" CLEARLY DEFINED

MUCH has been said of late by Republican and Progressive speakers on the topic of "Americanism," which both platforms framed at Chicago emphasize as among the necessitous qualities of a successful presidential candidate. They do not particularize as to what constitutes Americanism, dealing, as usual, in glittering generalities. It has remained for President Wilson to define the term. In his recent West Point address he told the military academy graduating class of what Americanism consists. "In utterly believing," said he, "in the principles of America and putting them first, as above anything that might by chance come into competition with it." Mr. Wilson regards the American test as a spiritual test and adds, "If a man has to make excuses for what he has done as an American, I doubt his Americanism. He ought to know at every stage of his action that the motive which lies behind what he does is a motive that no American need to be ashamed of for a moment." He would put this test to every man and let it be known that nobody who does not place America first is worthy of companionship. He advocates setting a good example by "thinking American thoughts, by entertaining American purposes, such as will stand the test of example anywhere in the world, for they are intended for the betterment of mankind." We thank the President for this exposition of the word Americanism. It is worthy of wide consideration. Many other pregnant ideas the President simply yet forcibly conveyed to the graduating class. Was he indulging in a quiet dig at the spectacular Oyster Bay statesman when he deprecated "a blustering nationality, a nationality that stuck out its elbows and bore a swaggering air?" Said he, "we love that quiet, self-respecting, unconquerable spirit which does not strike unless it is necessary to strike and then strikes to conquer. Never, since I was a youngster, have I been afraid of the noisy man. I have always been afraid of the still man, the quiet man." On the subject of preparedness he was equally illuminating. "We are not in for anything selfish and we want the whole mighty power of America thrown into that scale and not into any other." Of the fear of militarism which he told his hearers prevented many honest persons from showing enthusiasm for preparedness he had this to say: "Militarism does not consist in the existence of an army, not even a great army. Militarism is a spirit, a point of view, a system, a purpose. That purpose is to use armies for aggression. It is a spirit the opposite of the civilian, the citizen spirit." He finds no taint of that kind of spirit in America and no danger of militarism among those who are genuine Americans. It is in talks of this nature that President Wilson excels. He seems to say out loud what many of us are thinking, a trait that was eminently characteristic of Mr. Lincoln. His audience was plastic, it was military, but not, as he impressed upon the class, militaristic. We hope the country at large will have opportunity to digest this simple, wholesome, yet lofty address. Better campaign material could not be distributed.

EVIDENCE OF UNREST IN CHINA

THAT the successor to Yuan Shih-kai has parlous times ahead of him is conceded by every student of the Chinese situation. It is true that the new president, Li Yuan-hung, is more in sympathy with republican institutions, but he is not so strong a character as his predecessor and certainly of slighter mental caliber. That north China has imbibed the feeling of unrest so long prevailing in the southern latitude is evidenced by a letter just received by the editor of The Graphic from a point back from Shanghai on the Yangtse-kiang river. Our informant writes: "Last week it seemed as if there might be trouble here, but all is quiet now. The Chinese began to move their

women and other trinkets into the Concession, occupying all the vacant houses and godowns [warehouses], and business in the native shops was about at a standstill. A fanatic tried to shoot the general, but only killed two nearby coolies, and later on two Chinese were shot by the military authorities for inciting riot. A few days later the Shanghai traffic was stopped because of fighting at Kiangyan and Wusih (between Chinkiang and Shanghai). However, we finally boarded a local train which was following up a troop train hauling reinforcements from Nanking. * * * Where I went, in the country, all was quiet, but the effect of the unrest is noticeable in many ways. The shops usually keep open until 11 at night, but now they close at 9, or earlier. This cuts down on the amount of goods sold to a marked degree. Another thing is the way the villagers are hoarding up money. They are always ready for a quick get-away, in case any raiding troops happen along. The result is that anything they don't absolutely have to buy is not bought. As an illustration, the sale of matches to the country people has fallen off considerably lately, the reason for which is that they are going back to flint and steel. Due to the European war, all prices are higher this year than last, too." Just a blown straw or two, indicating what is in the air. And what is true of the section described is reflective of conditions generally in the interior. The Chinese republic is far from being firmly established.

HUGHES AND WILSON CONTRASTED

LET nobody underestimate the contest which the political campaign of 1916 has in store for the opposing presidential candidates. Charles Evans Hughes measures up to national requirements and his nomination was due to the demands of the rank-and-file delegates, not because the party leaders desired it. Root, Lodge, Burton—anybody but Hughes—would have pleased the Old Guard better than the Silent Man from Glens Falls, whose attitude in the past, when governor of New York, has shown the bosses how little they have to expect from the late associate justice if he is elected. Greatly as we admire Mr. Hughes, excellent President as he would make, we doubt if the people of the United States will refuse to pay Mr. Wilson the compliment of a second term. His guardianship of their welfare, of the nation's honor; his constructive statesmanship; his fine poise in times of great stress, when a weaker nature would have been led into committing the country to an imprudent course, all spell potent reasons why the people, pondering the trying situations met by the President, in the last two years particularly, will decline to effect an exchange.

Why should they? In many interesting ways Mr. Hughes is of the Wilson type of character, not only in ability and temperament, but in devotion to ideals. On all fundamental questions now before the country their line of thinking is not far apart. Being a Republican, Mr. Hughes is for a protective tariff, but since he accepted the platform in entirety, of course, he is for an expert tariff commission. So also is Mr. Wilson. This is the only rock on which they could split and the commission bell buoy warns both off. Mr. Hughes in his message of acceptance says he stands for the firm and unflinching maintenance of all the rights of American citizens on land and sea. What has Mr. Wilson been exemplifying? His firmness has compelled the German kaiser to reverse his submarine policy. Would Mr. Hughes have gone to war on that question? If so, then Mr. Wilson is the better man. If not, then why is Mr. Hughes to be preferred? The Republican nominee avers that it is "most regrettably true that in our foreign relations we have suffered incalculably from the weak and vacillating course which has been taken with regard to Mexico. We interfered without consistency."

Would it have been consistent with the high ideals Mr. Hughes is known to possess to have interfered by endorsing the usurper Huerta, traitor to the constitutional president of Mexico? But, of course, this fling at Mexico is a sop to Roosevelt; it is the only occasion wherein we have found Mr. Hughes turning opportunist, and in view of the big stake—the Colonel's retirement from the field and his support in the campaign—perhaps, he is excusable. We believe Mr. Hughes is sincere when he states that he has not de-

sired the nomination and wished to remain on the bench, but his utterances on Mexico we cannot accept with the same unreserve. He is "playing up" to the platform, we fear, and to the Rooseveltian requirement. Nevertheless, his message, in the main, bristles with sturdy Americanism of lofty import and that it will favorably impress the country is a fair assumption. But Mr. Hughes goes before the people as a critic rather than as a champion and it is a role that cannot be productive of the most telling results. He must attack, necessarily; his opponent, equally able, equally high minded, can safely point to the results of his stewardship and defy the political enemy.

We repeat, Mr. Hughes as a substitute for Mr. Wilson offers no convincing reason why the White House incumbent should be ousted. He is a conservative, naturally; so also is Mr. Wilson. He is not fond of truckling to the bosses; Mr. Wilson has demonstrated a similar dislike in the past. Whip the administration's Mexican policy as Mr. Hughes may and deride the Wilson attitude on foreign relations as he probably will, of what avail? The grim facts are that the nation's course has been carefully steered by a prudent helmsman and the people are thankful that as between the Scylla of Germany and the Charybdis of Mexico the ship of state has maintained a clear channel. That is the answer to all the forthcoming campaign assaults. Mr. Bryan's early secretarial banalities are chargeable to Mr. Bryan only, and, heaven knows, they have buried him fathoms deep! To attempt to fasten the gaucheries of the former secretary of state upon Mr. Wilson's coattails is grotesque. The quicker Mr. Hughes abandons this line of criticism the better for his political progress. Mr. Wilson is human. He was bound to offer the chief portfolio in his cabinet to Bryan. That the latter accepted what he was palpably unfitted for merely revealed his weakness of character and poor judgment. The country's sigh of relief was no more heartfelt than that of Mr. Wilson's when the Nebraska joker finally eliminated himself. It was a "humiliating spectacle of ineptitude" he presented, we admit, but not by charging that up to Mr. Wilson can Mr. Hughes make political capital. It is a tactical blunder on his part at the outset.

No; the best play for the Republican nominee is to remind the people what might have happened to the country if war had not intervened to save it from going to the dogs, whither—as, of course, the Republicans charge—the Democratic policies were sending it. To offset this line of patter Mr. Wilson may be depended upon to offer ample contrary testimony. It will be a breezy, intellectually acute campaign, with the issue in doubt clear to November, but we look for Mr. Wilson's ultimate triumph, just as we should expect Mr. Hughes to win if the situations were reversed.

SOCIALIST PLACES HIMSELF

SEVERAL times, Eugene V. Debs has appeared before the voters of this country as candidate for President on the Socialist ticket. Perhaps, he will run again this year, though upon this point we are not yet advised. If he does, however, or at present so intends, it is only fair to assume that he will be quite willing to have the letter he wrote to Bouck White, the flag-burner, used as campaign material. White, it will be recalled, has been engaged in sneering at the flag of this country for several months, his attitude toward the emblem culminating in a solemnly conducted service at which the flags of several nations were burned in a "melting pot," this pot, presumably, representing socialism. White was arrested and sent to jail by Chief Magistrate McAdoo, of New York city. Enters now Eugene Debs, leader of the Socialist party in this country, and, as observed, frequently candidate for the position of chief executive. Here are the words in which Mr. Debs offered his sympathies to Flag-burner White: "They have once more nailed you to the cross and once more demonstrated their brutality, intolerance and narrow, bigoted, bitter misrule. They have unconsciously added to your power at the expense of their own. The judge who sentenced you must be a fine specimen of the capitalist troglodyte. He must have the head of a chipmunk and a heart the size and quality of a petrified prune. You tower above these mean and contemptible lilliputians as the Matterhorn above the dens of snakes." First, let us pause to praise the chaste diction of this man who would be President, who aspires to speak as representative of all the people of this country. Presidential messages and diplomatic notes couched in such terms as the Debs-White letter would surely be a spectacle for the gods. But there is a more important issue than mere good taste. For a time the Socialist vote showed distinct gains at each succeeding national election. Let all persons who have, because of a certain laudable idealism, affiliated themselves with this party, stop to consider the heretofore secret principles of the man who is supposed to repre-

sent their organization and leadership. He confesses, tacitly, in this letter, to having sought the post of President of our nation, when he has been all along opposed to the existence of any nation. He would wipe out all boundaries. This is the meaning of the burning of the flags, the allegory thus stupidly and disloyally presented, and endorsed by Mr. Debs. That is what socialism, in its ultimate conclusion, must represent. Let those who love their land, and yet may have been attracted by the socialistic doctrines of brotherhood and equality of opportunity (which, after all, are doctrines of all political parties in this country) take note of the real meaning of the movement to which they have lent their support.

TALENTED AUTHOR'S CAREER ENDS

READERS of current literature, who found much to admire in the lovable story entitled "Daddy Long-Legs," were saddened to learn that the creator of "Daddy," then Miss Jean Webster, died the other day in a New York hospital, following the birth of a daughter the day previous. Miss Webster was married last September to a Washington, Conn., lawyer, Mr. Glen Ford McKinney, who, with the little daughter, is left to mourn his talented wife. Mrs. McKinney had achieved deserved success as author and playwright and her many admirers will grieve over her untimely demise. Besides "Daddy Long-Legs," she had written a sequel to it, "Dear Enemy," and was also the author of "Just Patty," "The Four Pools Mystery," "Much Ado About Peter" and other stories. She was a member of the Cosmopolitan Club, Women's University Club and the Pen and Brush Club, of New York. She will be widely missed, for her circle of friends was by no means limited to the Atlantic coast.

EDUCATION AND OSCULATION

DO the inquiries which college authorities make from time to time concerning the osculatory experiences of the young men students, take rank as a feature of the educational system of these institutions of learning, or are they introduced purely for diversion? Recently, there was quite a to-do at Columbia over the statement made by a score of seniors that they never had kissed or been kissed, one circumstance in this connection being an anonymous letter, purporting to be from a young woman attending the affiliated college, Barnard, to the effect that she possessed personal knowledge that three of the young men were not telling the truth. At New York University, a few days ago, the members of the graduating class were interrogated upon the same subject and all sixty-five of them admitted that they had engaged in these pleasant encounters with members of the opposite sex, and were glad of it. But why all the bother? Is there any more significance in the fact, either one way or the other, than there would be in statistics as to the sort of razors most popular among the youths, or data concerning their preferences in the matter of pie? The kiss of youth is but an imitative thing, tentative and without significance. It is worth about as much as his opinion on grave international affairs, reached through library research and not through contact with men and events. It is merely academic, not practical—lyric, not emotional. Young men and maidens kiss because it is the thing to do, when friendship reaches a certain sentimental stage. They should be neither praised nor blamed for having indulged in the pastime or abstained from it. But we venture to say that when the time arrives that each of these sixty-five New York graduates reaches a more mature outlook, and his lips meet those of a fair damsel whom he truly loves, it will be a new experience, a revealing emotion, which will make his inevitable declaration, "You are the first girl I ever kissed," ring with sincerity and conviction.

REMOVAL OF THE HEARST HANDICAP

THAT erstwhile—we had almost written Hearst-while—Democrat, William Randolph Hearst, has announced in his chaingang papers that he will support Hughes for President. Heaven help Mr. Hughes! About the only thing Mr. Wilson had to fear four years ago was the Hearst advocacy of his candidacy, it so nearly alienated many good citizens—who learned of the mishap—from supporting the Baltimore nominee. We hasten to congratulate the President on his emancipation this year and the consequent removal of what is unquestionably a handicap. For Mr. Hearst is a Democrat only when it suits his ulterior purpose to be such. On the Pacific coast, it is a notorious fact that the only time a Democratic candidate for governor had the ghost of a chance to win, his ambition was frustrated by the opposition of the Hearst papers, whose publisher, finding he could not dictate to the nominee, traitorously opposed him and thus destroyed all hope of building up the party in the state. That

is the kind of a Democrat Mr. Hearst is, as every Democratic editor in California will attest. How the Hearst papers turned on the President and rended him, almost before he had taken the oath of office, is still fresh in the public memory. Doubtless, Mr. Wilson could, if he would, tell an interesting story of the motive for this attack. Of the efforts of the Hearst papers to force intervention in Mexico everybody knows. And why. Again, we felicitate the President on his escape from the Hearstian support.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S OPPORTUNITY

VIEWING his appointments by and large, beginning with the illogical first secretary of state, it cannot be successfully affirmed that Mr. Wilson's selections for office have been made with an eye single to their fitness for place. The President can sense a big diplomatic situation with unerring intuition; he grasps the salient features of a national or international problem with admirable acuteness, but when dealing with individuals he seems to be without ordinary prescience. Perhaps, it is the result of academic application; apparently, he requires a perspective to focus aright. He now has a vacancy to fill on the United States supreme bench. Here is an opportunity to do the right thing at the right time. By naming William Howard Taft for the position the country, regardless of political affiliations, will breathe a fervent "amen!" for all recognize Mr. Taft's eminent fitness for the place. In fact, Mr. Taft never should have strayed from the legal folds to enter politics; he does not belong there. He is a muddler when out of his sphere, which is distinctly the law. Wholly aside from the clever politics of the appointment is the fact of the strength such an addition to the highest court of the land will give to that body. It will negative all animadversions consequent upon the naming of Mr. Brandeis, excellent man though he be, and restore equanimity to the legal profession generally, whose feelings, in the main, are still ruffled by reason of the latest supreme court recruit. Would that Mr. Wilson might see the wisdom of naming Mr. Taft and, regardless of politics, have the courage to nominate his 1912 rival for the office. It would be a master stroke, revealing his bigness and broadness of mind. Will he do it?

GRAPHITES

Just as in 1898 the whole Spanish fleet was seen off every point on the Atlantic coast from Eastport, Me., to Tampa, so now we will hear of big Mexican armies marching towards every hamlet or cross roads from Brownsville to San Diego.

Roosevelt and Bryan, the two men who have been most prominently before the public for a generation, are almost exactly opposite types. Even his opponents, while questioning Roosevelt's judgment or sincerity, have to acknowledge that he is essentially a man of action, a constructionist, while Bryan's predominant trait is opposition to, criticism of, others.

According to one California faction the only genuine dyed-in-the-wool Republicans are those who voted for Wilson four years ago, while another insists that those who voted for Roosevelt represent simon pure, eighteen carat fine Republicanism.

To carry a week's supply of rations for the men and grain for the horses and mules a regiment of cavalry needs a wagon train about a mile long. Add to this ambulances, munitions and hospital stores for a possible battle, extra equipment and tents if a camp is to be established near or at the front, you can get some idea of the amount of transportation needed by such a command as Gen. Pershing now has in Mexico. Of course big motor trucks carry more and take up less room than a six mule team, besides reducing the amount of forage needed, but even then the necessary transportation will cover several miles of road.

As touching on what has been called England's unprecedented actions towards neutral shipping, this is what Mahan has to say about similar conditions during the Napoleonic Wars: "The exceptionally intense spirit which animated the parties to this war trenched with unusual severity upon the interests of neutral powers, always more or less in conflict with the aims of belligerents." "Great Britain directed the commanders of cruisers to detain all vessels loaded with flour or grain bound to France, and to send them to England where the cargoes would be purchased and freight paid by the British government." "France had issued similar orders a month earlier." England ordered all neutral vessels to obtain permits from the British government to trade with continental ports controlled by France. Napoleon ordered the confiscation of all vessels which entered these ports under such permits.

VARIOUS IMPORTANT FILMS

By Randolph Bartlett

"PLAYS," remarked a certain commentator upon the drama, "are not written, but rewritten." "Plays," Mr. David Belasco is thought to believe, "are not merely rewritten, but built." Which is preliminary to and apropos of the announcement of the discovery of one of the most interesting incidents in the history of film photography. Several months ago Thomas H. Ince informed the public that he had just completed a great film entitled "Civilization." Since his work was done in this center of the film world, the film was first exposed to view here. Adverse criticism was prompt and unanimous. Mr. Ince had devoted several hundred thousand dollars and the greater part of a year's work to turning out a failure—one of the first in his entire cinema career.

Not long afterward it was announced that Mr. Ince's bad picture would be taken to New York for a summer run at the Criterion theater. This, in itself, was no great surprise. Provincial New York often has gone into ecstasies over theatrical productions which were rejected later by the country at large. Therefore, it seemed quite reasonable that a production which was a failure in the west might be well received in the metropolis. It would be a good joke on the big city beside the Hudson. Having received advance information from Los Angeles of the weak nature of the piece, I had made up my mind not to see it, but for financial reasons, having to do with an assignment from a magazine, I reluctantly made my way to the Criterion. In the lobby of the theater I discovered that an old personal friend, J. L. Bernard, was publicity procurer for the affair.

"I'm sorry to see you here," I remarked. "I have come to roast the show."

"Many who come to pan, remain to boost," he replied, and I entered.

As the story developed, scene by scene, I began to wonder whether my critical faculty had become atrophied, or if that of all the scorners of "Civilization" in Los Angeles was at fault. I distrusted my enjoyment, but could not overcome it. I tried to think of satirical things to say, sarcasm being the best cloak for the embarrassed critic. I sat through the entire two and one-half hours of pantomime, and as I moved toward the exit realized that I would have to praise the production. I met Bernard again and asked him to explain. Then came the revelation.

"Civilization" as presented in New York is not the same film as the one condemned in Los Angeles. The old principle of the rewritten, rebuilt play has been brought into effect with marvelous results. Not having seen the original I cannot say just what changes were made, what shuffling and cutting was employed, but I have discussed it with disinterested persons who saw both, and they say that it is the most subtle work they ever encountered. Right down to fifteen minutes before the crank began to turn at the Criterion, Mr. Ince was cutting and rearranging that film. Result: Without exception the New York critics have acclaimed Ince as the equal of Griffith ap Griffith, as demonstrated by his creation herein projected. Still more, press agents for rival film corporations, usually the most critical of all spectators, have informed me, personally, that they consider it the best film they ever saw, barring not even "The Birth of a Nation."

With this latter view I cannot agree. Mr. Ince shows a vast, titanic clash, a devastating war, but it is not an American war. It does not ride home to us on the crest of a great emotion, stimulated by memories and passions. For Europe it would be a greater work than the Griffith masterpiece, but for America, not. After all, the supreme test of an art work is the intensity of the emotion it arouses. Mr. Ince's film is not emotional, save in a few scenes; Mr. Griffith's is always emotional. In Europe neither would have this effect, and Mr. Ince's would be greater because its message is idealistic, appealing to the mind through a beautiful allegory. But aside from all these considerations, the most interesting fact is that a great success has been wrested from an apparently absolute failure.

There seems to be no such hope for "The Fall of a Nation," produced by Thomas Dixon, and by its title challenging comparison with "The Birth of a Nation," created by Griffith from the Dixon stories, "The Leopard's Spots," and "The Clansman." It would seem that Mr. Dixon, having watched Griffith in action while the other film was being made, thought it all quite simple, and decided he could do it himself. Moreover, he was taking no chances as to failure, for he deliberately used all the things which have been popular on the stage and screen for many years. People liked battle scenes; well and good, there should be battle scenes. The country was stirred up over preparedness; fine; there was a good plot available, which had been used, it is true, in "The Battlecry of Peace," but it had not been used to any great extent, for that film was what is popularly known as "a flivver." People liked comedy; that was simple; every few minutes the serious story should stop for the introduction of such incidents as a nasty, pert, little girl of nine or ten playing tricks on her brother and his sweetheart. People liked romance, so the entire conquest and reconquest of America should circle about a delectable marshmallow of femininity. And so on. Whatever Mr. Dixon, in his long and successful career as an author, and in his observations in the film field, had discovered people liked, he introduced into his spectacle. The natural result is such a plate of hash as might be obtained by scrambling scenes from a Keystone comedy, a Universal thriller, a Vitagraph romance and a Pathe Weekly.

I will suggest the caliber of Mr. Dixon's inventiveness in screen fable by merely telling of the final denouement (the word "final" being used advisably for there are denouements every few feet in this strange creation). Mr. Dixon overcomes the great army which has taken possession of America by the simple expedient of organizing a Loyal Legion of 1,200,000 handsome young women in natty white uniforms, and having these foreign soldiers fall in love with them and

desert to the Stars and Stripes, "dragging their cannon behind them." This is difficult to believe, but, if one is in sympathy with Mr. Dixon, easy to accomplish. We are not informed whether or not these sirens rewarded the devotion of the deserters as it deserved. All that was lacking was for the girls to spurn the soldiers after America was saved, and have the warriors all die of broken hearts.

This piece was announced as the first "grand opera cinema," but there was not so much as a solo from beginning to end. In this it is, therefore, not so much grand opera as was "Cabiria" with its sonorous choral accessories, or "The Birth of a Nation," or even "Civilization," which makes no special boast of its singing. There was, however, a magnificent, symphonic, orchestral score by Victor Herbert. At times, this music was so good that one almost forgot the film was so bad. In the battle scenes, for example, which were trivial and flat beside those of the other war pictures, the thrill which the film failed to produce was furnished by the orchestra. With brilliant passages of dissonant grandeur, such as might have been conceived by Richard Strauss himself, the pulses of the audience were stirred, few, of course, realizing that it was the sound and not the sight which was arousing them. Yet the genius of this always effective musician was understood sufficiently that the demands for a speech were all "Victor, Victor." For reasons best known to himself, however, Mr. Herbert, who usually responds graciously to such calls before the curtain, did not elect to appear, and Mr. Dixon, for whom there had been no call, substituted for him briefly.

One other film, of which much was expected—too much, perhaps, was the "Macbeth" production with Sir Herbert Tree and Constance Collier as the stars. Where Dixon failed by using a great mass of extraneous matter, Director Emerson failed by not using enough. Robbed of its glorious language, the story of "Macbeth" is merely a gory tale. To circumvent this, there should have been woven into the picture a great wealth of imagination and fantasy. Instead, the picture adheres closely to the book, only a few incidents which have not been done quite as well on the stage, being portrayed. Moreover, the theater audiences are accustomed to associate with "Macbeth" not merely all the verbal color of Shakespeare but all the prismatic color of stagecraft. In a silent black and white pantomime this first ambitious effort to place the bard upon the patient white sheet was a distinct disappointment. Another revelation was the fact that Sir Herbert is not a great actor, and that his reputation has been built up entirely upon his ability as a reader of lines.

These three films demonstrate more clearly than ever the fact that the future of the moving picture is not dependent upon any one thing but the genius of the director. Here we have three instances—a director who could see success where failure seemed inevitable, a director who thought no experience was necessary and that he could engage public attention by giving quantity instead of quality, and a director who is a slave to the scenario. From which it will be seen that the remark, "Plays are not written but rewritten, not rewritten but built," applies equally well to the shadow stage.

Music and Apple Blossoms

Flower of the sod! Bloom of the tree!
Under foot, the violet; above, all white,
Stands the tree in the joy of fifty years renewed.
No higher the robin needs to build,
Or the oriole hang her nest,
Or any of that winged choir
That, fluttering through, ever through,
Shake loose the petals from the ripening flower,
Pour forth the melody with straining throat.
The song that has won its day,
The petals now to be flung away
In fulfillment, of flower-of song.

Swayed by all the winds of Heaven,
Drawn by Earth's desire;
Falling, falling, fluttering down;
Falling on her upturned face,
Falling on her outstretched hands!
A hundred blossoms to a fruit,
A myriad petals to a seed,
The abundance, the waste of the earth,
The treasure of eternity!
Falling on her eager face,
Filling her open hands! —LOUIS A. WHITE

Pro Patria

I love old England's lawns and stately homes,
And France's castles weave a witching spell;
I love 'mid Holland's waterways to dwell,
And India charms me with her airy domes.
I love to linger where the Danube roams,
Or where the lotus buds in Egypt swell;
My love for Italy, what words can tell?
Yet all these lands are wayside inns, not homes.

I love America from shore to shore,
The Hudson, and the Colorado great;
I love New England's pride of fabled lore,
And the Sierra crest of mountains hoar;
I love thy sunny south, thy Golden Gate—
O California, my heart's true home, my state!
—BELLE COOPER

Early Spring

The meadowlark is now abroad
And sings his song with glee, with glee.
And all his lovely song, is sung
For me, for me!

He says, Why dwell ye in the town?
Come forth and love the meadow brown,
And in the fields from morn till night
Thy heart shall sing in pure delight.

Ah, no! gay lark, the sea's for me—
The dashing, shining, sparkling sea.
—CONSTANCE PRAEGER FOX

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

PREPAREDNESS is no longer merely a matter of plans and preachment. Last Sunday's news from Mexico and Washington put theory into immediate practice in about four thousand California homes from which fathers, sons and brothers were summoned to respond to the mobilization of the National Guard. It has been apparent to the ordinary observer that hitherto there has been little enthusiasm for service in Mexico. Partly, no doubt, this has been due to the loud alarms which the yellow press has been sounding for the last three or four years; the noise has been so persistent that the average ear grew callous to it. The conviction seemed to be general that the regular army, small as it is, would be sufficient, and "fighting a lot of greasers" offered no attractions to the average youth.

* * *

But the calling out of the National Guard has brought the situation home as no amount of newspaper shrieking could do. Those magic words, "Your country needs you," altered the attitude of the average young man overnight. If a call for volunteers follows the mobilization of the National Guard, the response will be as eager as it was eighteen years ago. The prevalence of this feeling is, perhaps, the more noticeable in this city whose contribution to the National Guard is insignificant. The headquarters of the Fifth Infantry are in Oakland, and its body is mainly composed of trans-bay citizens. San Francisco's quota, so far, is only a Signal Corps company and the Fifth Infantry Band. All the other militia in this city is composed of Coast Artillery—eight of the ten companies on this coast having headquarters here—and the gunners were keenly disappointed that their corps was not included in the call for field service. Announcement of President Wilson's order was made in the local theaters Sunday afternoon and everywhere caused outbursts of patriotic enthusiasm.

* * *

Undoubtedly the gravity of the news from Mexico will give a wholesome impetus to enrollment for the business men's camp at Monterey next month. Several influential members of the Olympic Club have bestirred themselves, convinced that this famous athletic organization should be foremost in supplying able-bodied Americans for the nation's service. They have sent out a rousing call to every member, pointing out that the enrollment for the Plattsburg, N. Y., camp was 11,195, and that up to June 8 only 1,281 had signed up for the Monterey camp. The Olympians ask: "Is California to be so feebly represented, and if so, why?" They call attention to the fact that the entire expense for each volunteer for the month at Monterey will be \$10. "Is there anyone in your office whom you might send in your place if you are not going yourself?" is the final question on the Olympic Club's catechism.

* * *

Down to a few days ago it was understood that the Government would bear the entire expense of these encampments, and the news that the army reorganization bill, which provides \$500,000 for training camps, would probably not reach the President for signature in time to make provision for the Monterey encampment caused distinct disappointment. Now, in spite of the maximum expense indicated by the Olympic men's circular, it seems that every citizen ready to give a month of his time and energy to military training will have to deposit \$30, buy his own uniform and transportation. Once again, Congress, long on preparedness talk, is lamentably short in action. Nevertheless, not more than a dozen enrollments here have been cancelled on this account.

* * *

With the return from the East of William H. Sproule, president of the Southern Pacific, the hopes of music-lovers are reviving, and it is confidently expected that the Symphony Orchestra will emerge successfully from the crisis which has been threatening it. For Mr. Sproule recently accepted the presidency of the Musical Association and evidently means to see it through another successful season. Mr. Sproule is in full accord with Alfred Hertz's plans, even though they call for an outlay of \$60,000 and though two-thirds of that sum is yet to be raised. He stands staunchly for the ideal of a single first-class orchestra instead of a crop of second-raters. And this is one of San Francisco's troubles at present that its musical energies are too scattered. Mr. Sproule disclaims the idea that because he has accepted the presidency of the Musical Association he is "putting on aesthetic airs or pretending to move in an atmosphere so rarified that ordinary mortals cannot breathe it." He is simply a lover of good music—incidentally he has a rarely cultivated intellect and can make a railroad report look like literature—and is determined that it will be no fault of his if San Francisco's Orchestra does not remain on the map as one of the best in the country.

* * *

One of the consoling and healthy doctrines of the twentieth century is that there is no age between 20 and 60. An Oakland woman is improving this habit of perpetual youth. At 84, Mrs. S. W. Deming is the intrepid and skillful driver of her own automobile and she proudly claims that she takes nobody's dust on the boulevards of Alameda county.

* * *

Of genuine historical interest and real dramatic power, the latest moving picture, made in Southern California, "The Argonauts of California," has won instant success at the Columbia. The premiere was attended by a large delegation from Monrovia where the picture was made. Among the visitors from the South was Winfield Hogaboom, an old-time Los Angeles newspaperman who was one of the scenario writers of "The Argonauts."

R. H. C.

San Francisco, June 21.



"Ring Out, Wild Bells!"



---By Randolph Bartlett

TO imprison in a single word the spirit of an era—there is a problem for the phrasemakers and the historians. Yet they do it, though they do not always agree upon the term. Still, for the most part, the history of the race has been divided clearly and tersely. There was the Age of Conquest, for example, when prehistoric man discovered that, by holding a sapling in his hairy paw, he could so lengthen his arm as to be able to strike down a more powerful foe before it could reach him. There was the Birth of Transportation, when some industrious cavedweller, desiring to exchange the product of his labors with that of a distant neighbor, discovered that he could avoid making numerous journeys by cutting two sections from the trunk of a great tree, connecting them with a pole, and hanging his burden on this axle, push the cumbersome but original cart to its destination. Continuing, there was the Dawn of Slavery, when the hunter, having only stunned instead of killed his wild bullock, and needing no meat at the moment, hit upon the idea of compelling the dazed brute to drag his heavy cart; from which it was but a step to the next stage, of forcing his weaker neighbor to serve him. Proceeding many centuries we reach the Age of Steam, the Age of Electricity—and after electricity—what?

Now, more than ever before throughout all the ages—and tomorrow even more than today—has man developed means of intercommunication. He has his paths, roads, streets, boulevards, steamship lines, railways, trolleys, (upon, under and over the surface), carts, wagons, buses, automobiles, elevators, postal service, telegraph, telephone, speaking-tubes, megaphones, wireless—and what not? Because of these, the present day has brought to this planet the Age of Bells. For every human action which is related to an action of any other human being (and how few are not so interlaced!) there is the concomitant bell. In fact, to paraphrase and expurgate a vulgar and common saying, "Life is just one darned bell after another." Jangling and chiming, tolling and pealing, booming and tinkling, clanging and knelling, jangling and clinking,—each moment of the day, and many of the night, rings in its own particular mood.

The day begins with an alarm clock, least musical of all bells. Nor is this condemnation of its tone but a prejudice born of disagreeable associations. You may test an alarm clock at any hour, and compare it analytically, with other bells; you will always find that it has the same jarring sound that ravishes your nerves at 7 a. m. The unpleasant duty to which it has been assigned seems to have infected its voice with a harsh quality. It is egotistical, contemptuous, like those obnoxiously tidy persons who always know where they put their collar buttons, and who look with ineffable scorn upon him who does not know even where he left his hat or umbrella. Yet you dare not rebuke an alarm clock bell for this, because like a boomerang your condemnation circles back and smites yourself. If your habits were exemplary you would not need it; its mere presence is an accusation—nay, a verdict of guilt from which appeal would be futile. It is the complaining witness, the prosecuting attorney, the judge, the jury and the executioner. But need it be so repellant in its manner? I have named my alarm clock Ishmael.

How different the doorbell, especially the modern electrical contrivance which has supplanted the old-fashioned, inexpressive gong. The very duration of its ring conveys a message to the cultured ear. Even when I am shaving I cannot resist its appeal, but quickly put down the razor and hasten to the door of my apartment to learn what has come for me. I recognize the two delicate, staccato touches by the expert finger of the elevator boy, and know it is the morning paper and the mail. All the telegraph systems of the world, the postal service, the trained newsgatherers, the thoughts of friends who have written letters to me—all these, and more, are focused in that brief summons of the doorbell. While I slept, all these things were being done, all these agencies were assembling their countless forces; a finger touches my bell, and I know that the daily miracle again has been accomplished. Nor is it the fault of the bell if it is harsh and strident when jabbed by a bill collector, garrulous when it announces the arrival of a gossip caller, or tentative and uncertain when pressed by some person seeking information. It is highly sensitized, and responds exactly to the mood of the visitor.

How different, again, the bell of the dumbwaiter—apologetic and consciously menial, usually muffled for the sake of its own self respect. Its mission, to announce the arrival of the milk or ice, or to serve notice that somewhere in the depths of the building a person you never have seen is waiting to empty the garbage, is humiliating in the extreme to any bell with the least vestige of dignity.

At least, the dumbwaiter bell is consistent. I am reminded of its virtue in this respect when the telephone bell rings. Is there a more erratic bit of metal in the world? The loudest, longest, most insistent summons may be only a "wrong number," the faintest and most hesitant call, barely audible, may be an important message we were awaiting, an invitation to dinner, a piece of good news, or an opportunity to chat with a soft voice that not even the mechanics of transmission can rob of its music. You never know what to expect of a telephone bell, for the reason that it is operated, not by the person who desires to speak to you, but by an invisible intermediary, whose interest in the matter is quite perfunctory. How often I have wished that, once the connection were established, I might do the ringing myself. How gently would I touch the button to summon Egeria; how sternly when I desired to rebuke a tradesman; how casually when it was a mere matter of business. It is not permitted. I am at the mercy of strange, remote young women, who cannot possibly appreciate these nuances. The niceties of human inter-

course are being destroyed by our inability to approach properly a telephone conversation. My bell rings in strident tones, and, adopting its own accent, I speak roughly into the transmitter, whereupon a melodious voice inquires what has angered me. Have I been interrupted at dinner? Am I ill? Was I disturbed in the midst of an important task or pleasant diversion? She could not know of the jangling annoyance, and I have to concoct a silly explanation, for the truth is so difficult to make plain. Thus the conversation begins inauspiciously, placing me at a tactical disadvantage, when, goodness knows, I need all my resources when I talk to Egeria. I have tried to overcome this sensitiveness and school myself to a certain unvarying and non-committal tone, but that freakish bell invariably makes me forget. The telephone is a servant which has become spoiled through long service, and takes as many liberties with us as the old retainer in the stage comedy does with "young master." Yet, annoying though it be at times, it is the ancient and trusted servant after all, and we cannot dispense with it. We can only learn to be patient. Perhaps the inculcation of this virtue, the renascence of this almost lost art, is the true mission of the telephone. In our rush and hurry we are too impatient with immaterial trifles and too patient with material grievances. We pay too much attention to the temperature and too little to national problems; too much to a sprained wrist and too little to civic sanitation; too much to ephemeral and prurient reading matter and too little to literature. We demand reform and perfection in a long list of non-essentials, and ignore our mediocrity in the few things that really matter. Sometimes when I scowl at the telephone bell for an especially flagrant offense it seems to say, "What beautiful wrath! Why don't you direct it against various miscarriages of justice of which you are well advised?"

All these bells are encountered without setting foot outside your apartment or house. Many of my friends have still more. There is, for example, the little tinkling one, artistically formed in silver, with which certain old-fashioned hostesses summon the serving maid to bring the next course at dinner. The modern hostess, whose aim seems to be that the machinery of life shall operate without audible sound, employs an electric button, attached to the under side of the table, the connecting bell in the kitchen ringing so faintly that the diners cannot hear it. This is one of my deepest aversions. It smacks of hypocrisy, vanity, and legerdemain. It is as if my hostess would have me believe that a schedule has been set for the meal, and at a certain time the maid will appear, whether I have finished with my soup or not. How much more delightful the old custom of sounding a bell which stands in plain sight; how much more as if the personal desire and convenience of the guest were being consulted. This may be old-fogeyism, but I am opposed, with all the energy I possess, to this tendency to pretend that life is organized by the clock. Life is not organized; it is irregular, spasmodic, full of surprises of which many are delightful and few as disconcerting as we permit them to be. And the highest mission of the bell is not to abolish the casual but to announce it. If life ran along in a perfectly rounded groove, obviously there would be no need for bells. The most famous bell in the world—to Americans at least—is the one which proclaimed that the entire order of the nation had been turned upside down. Each bell in its appointed sphere should, within its limitations, emulate that distinguished example. One which rings, unheard by those most interested in its ringing, is violating a fundamental rule of its clan. Surely I, who am dining, am more interested in the fact that another course is about to appear, than is the servant who brings it to me. Let the hostess' handbell return to its ancient and honorable position.

Nor is this the end of the household bells. There is the dinner gong, with its numerous variants, concerning any one of which whole volumes might be written. There are those delicate little Japanese wind-bells, made of small pieces of glass that tinkle prettily in every breeze that floats through the open window. There are the burglar alarms. And many more. But all these are optional. Unless we confine ourselves to the familiar bells we shall never finish. Let others write the encyclopedia; my intentions are but lyrical.

I leave my apartment and ring the elevator bell. I pass into the street and hear the bells of trolley cars. I stop my "one of three," drop a nickel into the box, and a bell rings, while the conductor rings another bell as a signal to the motorman. Even on a 'bus I cannot escape there, for there is the bell-punch and also the signal to the driver. The guards on the elevated have signal bells, so does the captain of the ferryboat, so do the guards on the subway trains. Incidentally, the subway contains one of the most annoying bells in the world—the long and noisy tattoo at the express stations. It annoys me not only because it is so clangorous, but because I do not understand its function. The only possible excuse for it I can conceive, is that it is supposed to make the travelers think the train is about to start, so they will hurry into or out of the cars. But the trains do not start, nor do the doors close. I have thought of asking the guards to explain, but since I cannot even distinguish what these foreign-speaking individuals say when they are manifestly calling out such plain words as "Fourteenth Street," how could I hope to translate their statement of the function of gongs? Doubtless, it will remain a mystery. My objection is not to the mystery; I like to encounter things I cannot comprehend; they stimulate the imagination, and give me material for stories and essays.

Mysteries suggest suspicions. Ordinarily I am inclined to take things at their face value; consequently I am deceived less frequently than my friends who are

always looking for hidden motives. But I am unable to overcome a recurrent speculation whether all the ambulances and police wagons which rush up and down and across the streets at all hours of the day and night, their bells vociferously demanding right of way, are in every instance on business which calls for such speed. Did you ever see an ambulance taking its turn with ordinary vehicles? And do they never leave garage or stable except on hurry-up, life-or-death missions? After all, the speculation is idle; moreover, it is far better that we should scatter to furnish amusement for a speed fiend, than that a sick man should ever be detained, even a few seconds, from relief.

I never have this feeling when I hear the bells of the fire department, perhaps because the excitement submerges all other considerations. But the sound of these bells no longer heralds the spectacular display that it did in the old days of horse-drawn trucks and engines. This is not merely a matter of becoming accustomed to the sight, but because there is none of the romance about a speeding motor that there is about a heavy machine careening along behind three splendid animals, galloping abreast. One expects speed of a motor; in fact most of us have, at one time or another, either as bystander or passenger, been uncomfortably conscious of it. But nowhere is there a duplicate of the thrilling effect of the flying sparks, the shouts, the clank of the bell and the pounding of hoofs, that accompany the rush of the horse-drawn fire engine. Efficiency substitutes motor for horse, but surely this spectacle is not to disappear. It is one of the few genuine sensations a city can offer. We spend large sums on parks, bands, and other public diversion; can we not have a few thousand dollars to maintain a centrally located fire engine and three thoroughbred horses, not so much for actual use, as to entertain us at least twice a week with their magnificent hubbub? Or if the city will not spend the money, will it permit the entertainment, if a philanthropist can be found who will endow the institution?

There are few bells with so many voices as that of the express locomotive. As the train starts upon its journey, the bell has a ponderous, self-conscious sound, as if the engine were drawing attention to the fact that this is no easy matter upon which it is engaged. It realizes its responsibility, and assures the passengers and their friends that the onerous task is being approached in no spirit of frivolity. But when the business is well in hand, and it speeds along, it adopts toward persons approaching a crossing the same superior attitude as does the automobile toward the pedestrian. To the workmen in the fields which it passes, however, the locomotive bell bears a cheerful greeting and an invitation. "Come along and see the world," it cries, not scornfully, as one who would sneer at a stay-at-home, but rather as much as to say, "Whenever you're ready, I am." Then, when it draws into the terminus, its slow peals reverberate through the arcade, and the locomotive acts for all the world like a horse which neighs and tosses its head as it approaches the judges' stand after winning a race, conscious of having done an important thing well. There is nothing of this sort about the bell of a freight locomotive. It is monotonous, mechanical—the speech of the plodder. Even the bell of a switching engine is more expressive, for it has a loquacious, neighborly voice. But the freight engine has no more song than a washerwoman, and for the same reason, exactly.

In perfect contrast to the polyphonous express locomotive bell is the most dismal, monotonous sound in the world—the booming of a fog-bell as heard by passengers on a boat at night. Compared with it a funeral knell is sprightly, since the latter tells only of a single death which already has occurred, of a life which has passed on into another and (all men at heart believe) a happier life. But the fog-bell is a pessimist. Its function is to warn thousands from danger, but its effect upon those thousands is to make them believe that the danger is greater than it really is. No longer do men grieve as they used to do, over a friend departed, so enlightened is the general attitude toward death becoming, but the tenacity with which we ourselves cling to life is no whit less intense than it has been through all the ages. The "will to live" is the mainspring of the race. Hence the depressing effect of the fog-bell, as it gloomily and dejectedly informs all who hear, that they may consider themselves lucky if they get out of this alive.

Of the minor bells with which life is surrounded, there is much to be said, but already the reader's tympana must be aching. Yet we must not forget at least to mention the bells of the umbrella mender, the ragman, the auctioneer, the cash register, the bull's eye at the shooting gallery, the time clock, the one over the door of the little shop whose proprietor hurries out with a napkin tucked under his chin to wait upon the customer, the repeater watch, the bell that rings just before the curtain rises on the play, the altar bell, the sleigh bell, the bell xylophone in the orchestra, the one with which the hotel clerk summons the bellboy, the school bell.

Last week I became so painfully conscious of this perpetual tintinnabulation, that I decided to give my ears a holiday. For one week-end they should know no morning alarm clock, no mail delivery, no dumb waiter, no telephone, no trolley car gong. I took my ears out to a little village in the country, a village untouched by train or trolley, inconceivable as such a location may seem. Saturday night I went to bed in a clean little rickety tavern, happy in the thought of my escape and of the long, lazy, silent hours of the morrow's morning—and shortly after daybreak I was awakened by church-bells. I closed my window and tried to close my ears, but it availed not. I knew the bells were ringing, whether they were or not. They had pursued

me to my retreat and were persecuting me. So I took my revenge by returning to town and writing what is written here.

And now, as I append this final sentence, I realize that in the course of placing these words upon paper, the bell on my typewriter carriage has rung two hundred and seventy-one times.

WOMAN DELEGATE AT ST. LOUIS

By Pearl Rall

HOW does a woman delegate regard a national political convention? And how does a national political convention regard a woman delegate? Miss Mary Foy, one of the local representatives to the recent Democratic gathering at St. Louis, declares she felt "right at home" and not in the least impressed with any sense of newness or oddness, although this was the first assemblage of this character she has ever attended.

"There were about sixteen of us women, voting members, scattered in the delegates' section, in a gathering of almost two thousand. There were five women in our group from California: Mrs. W. C. Tyler, who was president of the Los Angeles County Democratic League; Mrs. George Larkey, and myself from this vicinity, and Mrs. Rasmus and Mrs. Ormsby from San Francisco. Both Mrs. Ormsby and myself served on committees, Mrs. Ormsby being one of those to notify the Vice-President of his nomination and I, on the Credentials Committee.

"Then there were four women from Washington, three from Oregon, three from Utah and one from Colorado. Women delegates there have been at former conventions but never so many. And you know men readily accept the presence of women, even when they oppose such innovations in their gatherings, quite as a matter of course and more—I believe they feel more comfortable and happy in the association, when they have accepted the changed order. I was really amused, however, at a meeting one day of the Cre-



MARY FOY, DEMOCRAT

dentials Committee. I was going over a few notes I had jotted down for a speech I was to make when I discovered I was being furtively and curiously watched by a gentleman at my right. I met his curiosity with a smile which encouraged him to ask, 'You are a delegate? Don't you feel rather—rather strange among so many men, where there are so few ladies?' I indulged in a frankly amused laugh. 'Oh no, we California women are accustomed to such things. I am quite used to it.' And it was interesting and pleasant to be a part of the business of our nation. For myself, I was quite prepared for what I found. I was deeply impressed with the seriousness with which all the women delegates met the matters coming before the convention, their intelligence, their ready assumption of the spirit of give and take so necessary to learn if one would be an effective member of such a body.

"Personally, I am utterly opposed to the Woman's National Party and the anti-party-in-power policy. They are impractical. I think suffrage will come more easily, naturally and directly, in the end, through enfranchisement by states. I favor Carrie Chapman Catt and her constructive, rather than the militant, methods. Take, for instance, the case of our own Judge Raker, who is one of the most earnest and best of friends in the country of woman's enfranchisement in the nation and who has sponsored the Susan B. Anthony amendment for national enfranchisement. If the Democrats defeated this amendment he would be defeated by them for any elective office, under the militant method of threat and warfare, because of his party, although personally one of their best friends. I do not believe in drawing party lines on suffrage. I deplore their activities at this time. It is unfortunate and foolish in the extreme.

"Yes, it was a harmonious convention and yet, having followed carefully the hidden tides of thought for the last two years there was a deep undercurrent of purpose and effective work wonderfully, inspiring purpose.

parent. I was prepared for the tariff matter, the financial issues, the preparedness plank as a matter of course, but the welfare measures were an immense surprise to me. They showed how vitally in touch with the best thought in these matters President Wilson has kept. What a big man he really is in a quiet way! The platform adopted follows the line of idealistic thought of our own local class of students under Prof. Rolfe at Blanchard hall. I was amazed to encounter it in so effective a body of citizens at large. One expects the few to think largely and ideally but here I found the voters generally thinking prayerfully and in pure patriotism.

"But one ripple disturbed the convention visibly, when the governor of Texas tried to throw out the suffrage plank. You know Texas, Georgia and Indiana are really the strongest and most bitterly opposed to suffrage in the Union."

Miss Foy made two important speeches in her St. Louis sojourn and met cordial reception. Before the Resolutions Committee, "as a Democrat," she added proudly, "not from the woman's viewpoint," and at a banquet by the Town Club of St. Louis which corresponds to the Los Angeles Woman's City Club, after the famous "walkless parade" June 14. For several hours two lines of women from all over the country took up their stand on either side of the street, from the Jefferson Club to the Coliseum. "It was a pretty and impressive sight. All were clad in white and those from the suffrage states wore red, white and blue sashes, from the unfranchised, yellow sashes. One row stood while the other in front sat on camp stools, exchanging positions at intervals. We met many of them at the dinner."

Miss Gordon of New Orleans was another interesting speaker, who represented the suffrage sentiment in the south. And there were the "antis"—but not in the "arena," as the floor of the convention, rather fittingly at times, is called, where the business is transacted.

But no humorous views could be coaxed from Miss Foy, although I am told by close friends and members of her immediate family that "Mary has kept us in ripples of laughter over the funny things that happened."

Important in Its Human Side

Often things which are merely relative by comparison are of equal importance in themselves. Do not be alarmed. This is not an abstruse ponderation, it is just stating a fact possessing human interest. You recall the peanut man at the corner? Has it ever occurred to you that he is a merchant, in his small way? Have you ever considered that the package of pop corn or bag of peanuts which you perhaps bought for your little son last night may have tipped the scale of profit or loss on that day's business? Or that the nickel which you invested, or failed to invest, was the crucial point in his day's trade? The individuals of all sorts and conditions which go to make up the whole we call life are much more dependent upon each other than most of us imagine. And if you were to talk with one of these street corner merchants—in the right way—I fancy you would find that you and he have more in common than you supposed. The trouble is that most of us are not looking for the really interesting things of everyday life.

He Comes Up Smiling

Harold Ryerson, formerly secretary of the Municipal League but now in business of importance for himself, demonstrates practically the adage that it is best to smile on Fate. The Chapparral Club, numbering many of my genial friends of the younger circles in business and the professions in this city and which I had the pleasure of addressing several weeks ago, went for its annual jinks to "skyland" last week. Ryerson had been having his car over-hauled and when he took it from the shop Saturday afternoon he was an exceedingly proud young motorist. But he forgot that the over-hauling had given him practically a new car, consequently he over-worked it. When he reached the long switch-back above San Bernardino he began to have difficulties and it was four o'clock in the morning before he was within sight of the top. There his engine died. He climbed out, locking his brakes, and sought a rock with which to hold the automobile while he searched for the source of his troubles. As he picked up the rock the car began to move. Before he could twist the steering wheel and turn into the bank the machine gained momentum and slid quietly over the bank and into space. Ryerson walked on to the top, waked his fellow members, gave them a cheerful good-day, and smilingly remarked: "I left Los Angeles with some car. I now have left of it a perfectly good wrench, an oil can, one tire and the seat cushions. Come on and dress—I'm hungry." That is what I call real optimistic philosophy.

GRAPHITES

Nothing in our Civil War furnishes a basis for comparison with or estimation of probable results of the Verdun campaign. Vicksburg surrendered six weeks after Grant got in position behind its defenses. And then it was exhaustion of food and munitions, not destruction of the defenses which caused the surrender. Lee surrendered for the same reason ten days after Sheridan reached the rear of Petersburg and eleven months after Grant began his flanking campaign through Virginia. Artillery in that war was still in swaddling clothes. Guns were mostly slow firing muzzle loaders but a few inches in diameter. Shells had little penetrating power. Dirt entrenchments were practically indestructible and could be repaired faster than damaged. Any American general who exposed his men in frontal attacks as both the French and Germans have, would have been relieved of his command at once.



College Men Congregate

It seems a little odd to think of Harvard, Yale and Princeton men holding a jollification together, but misery loves company and at this season of the year, when commencement exercises are being held in the alma maters, it takes a whole lot of company to drive out the misery occasioned by not being able to attend the celebrations back east. So today the associations of alumni of these three great institutions are uniting in one grand grief slaughtering, out at Annandale Country Club, where they intend to drive dull care away, by responding in person and spirit to the invitation to "come" and "become" filled with the old college enthusiasm. It is the third annual gathering of its kind and to date no fatalities have been reported by reason of failure of ghosts of other days to remain where they are supposed to be put when the university doors are left behind. In charge of the affair are committees of the three associations, W. R. Millar, F. D. Goodhue, Simeon Baldwin and J. F. Rhodes acting for the Yale Club; Roy Jones, R. D. Farquhar, William Witmer, Remington Olmstead and Howard Isham for Harvard and A. A. Denny, Carl Thomborg, Harry Elliott and Dr. Vermilyea for Princeton.

Preparing National Guard

These are indeed busy days for Brig. Gen. Robert Wankowski and the National Guard regimental officers of Los Angeles, especially Col. William B. Schriber of the Seventh regiment, who has been straining every nerve in an effort to recruit the several companies of that organization up to war strength before starting for the state mobilization grounds at Sacramento, in order that it may not be necessary to merge any of the companies together. If war with Mexico really comes, at this writing the issue still is unsettled, the geographical location of California should insure the "Bloody Seventh" a more active participation than it had in the Spanish war, when that term was "wished on" the local guardsmen because a blundering war department kept it encamped at San Francisco so long. Quite probably the California troops will be among the first to reach the border, indeed they may be employed to guard the southern boundary of their own state, but if the expressed attitude of Gov. Cantu of Lower California is maintained that will hardly be necessary. Cantu, not merely because of his interest in the race-track at Tia Juana, probably, but also because he realizes the geographical isolation of his state and that its future development depends entirely upon California, is anxious to secede from the Republic of Mexico, a first step, of course, to being annexed to the United States, though, doubtless, Cantu looks forward to a few years as ruler of an independent government ere that is accomplished. At any rate it hardly seems likely that many bloody battles will be fought along the border of California.

Incentive to Recruiting

What with preparedness parades, Americanism planks in all the political platforms, the calling out of the militia, and near-war in Mexico, business is looking up with the government establishments along Main street. Colonel W. E. Purviance, who is in charge of the army recruiting station here declares that the effect of last week's parade and the militia call was immediately noticeable. I wonder if the colonel gives no credit to the sign which has made its appearance on a Main street cigar stand, immediately opposite his office, and which reads, "If you want to talk about the war join the army and get paid for it. There is a recruiting station just across the street."

Couldn't He Get Away?

Echoes of the big preparedness parade of last week are still reverberating through the city and one of the most persistent of them is asking why Otheman Stevens, dramatic critic and feature writer of the Examiner, marched with the insurance contingent instead of proudly keeping step with the men of his own newspaper fraternity. Sphinx-like silence on the subject is maintained by Otheman but a mutual friend hazards the suggestion that the genial critic must have met one of those much-alive insurance agents of the persuasive and stick-to-it variety and was unable to get away from the charm of the exhorting tongue which continued its entrancing outpouring of vital statistics throughout the entire march of the paraders.

Successful Opera Season

Rarely has Los Angeles seen and heard an operatic performance, given with so much artistic sincerity as the "Lohengrin" of last Saturday matinee. The California Grand Opera Company closed its season of three weeks with financial and artistic success written upon it. Signor Constantino in a heartfelt speech acknowledged the gift and the flowers showered so generously upon him and his company, telling of his plans and his hope to make in Los Angeles a conservatory that will be world famous; that will draw to its courses the best teachers of Europe and the ambitious pupils of America. Too much praise cannot be given Signor Constantino for his generosity in giving a performance to the school children and for his liberality

with his own beautiful voice, at benefits and charitable affairs to the number of forty, since he came among us. In music as in all other things, the child is the hope of the future, and to create a musical atmosphere in Los Angeles it is necessary to train the children to love and appreciate sincere art. The spirit of a performance is of more importance than glittering names upon the program. Until there is a public development that will go for love of the music and take the performers as the gods bestow, there is little hope of a real musical center. There is no apology intended in this for the performers of the season just ended. The principals gave a good account of themselves; the orchestra was finished in its playing and well led and if the chorus couldn't resist side glances into the boxes, it showed interest and enthusiasm at least!

Knights Templar Organization Methods

If there is a more perfectly organized fraternity in the world than the Knights Templar I should like to see a demonstration of its workings in convention assembled. Certainly for expedition in transacting its affairs and carrying on its parades, the Knights Templar seem unique. Each succeeding biennial conclave emphasizes this and as the one held this week is the third in recent years in Los Angeles, this city has come to take an unusually deep interest in the great Masonic body. Seldom have a finer lot of men paraded through our streets than those who marched Tuesday. It was an inspiring sight and one calculated to bring to us, materialists that we are, a bit of the inspiration of the old crusaders whose memory is perpetuated by the Knights Templar. Congratulations are due Sir Perry W. Weidner, chairman of the entertainment committee, especially, on the success of his planning.

Festivities Express Royal Welcome

For several days there has been one round of receptions, parades, sight-seeing trips, spectacular affairs of various kinds and the grand ball of Friday night when all the Knights and high officials with their ladies, in glittering array, assembled at Shrine auditorium. Lavish indeed has been the entertainment and busy and happy the visitors judging from their smiling faces. Notable among the decorations exhibited by the various stores of the city was a display of the regalia of barbaric splendor in the J. W. Robinson windows. The Broadway with an immense plumed knight shone particularly at night while Bullock's was gay with flags and shields with the Masonic emblems prominent thereon. The history of the assembling, costuming and training of the two hundred or more pretty girls in the electrical parade and ballet, covering a period of four months, is another interesting bit of side light on the entertainment. This work was under the direction of Mrs. Frances Jordan Wallis, who has superintended this feature of the city's various celebrations of this character for many years, working with Mr. R. W. Robinson. The ballet work represented the labors of Chalmers Fithian, a young artist in this direction just coming into public attention.

Will Celebrate the Fourth

Although the wail of the beach cities prevented the holding of the Preparedness parade the Fourth of July and thereby conferred a real favor by moving that demonstration up to Flag Day, Los Angeles is not to be without an official celebration of the nation's birthday and that it will be an enthusiastic one cannot be doubted, in the present highly patriotic state of public feeling. Senatorial-Candidate Willis H. Booth is chairman of the committee which is planning the celebration. The principal program and exercises probably will be held at Exposition Park, where it is hoped to have both daylight and night fireworks, but the observance is by no means to be confined to this particular spot, since F. W. Blanchard, chairman of the sub-committee on music, announces that arrangements have been made for music at ten of the city parks and playgrounds. John T. Curtin, heading the decoration committee, is urging merchants to keep the many American flags now on display in place until after the glorious Fourth. It is a happy suggestion.

Named Daughter for His Song

Hughey Daugherty, one of the best known of minstrel men of a generation that is now fast passing away, has become a Los Angeles resident, so Ralph Wray, a more youthful black-cork veteran, tells me. What memories of the wonderful end-men of the sixties and seventies will come back to my older readers as they recall the name of Hughey Daugherty. To Hughey, probably more than to any other minstrel singer, was due the popularity of that old song "Sweet Evalina" and in connection with it there is a good story concerning his daughter, now Mrs. John Butland, with whom he is visiting in Los Angeles. This daughter was Hughey's first child, born while her father was filling an engagement with the famous old Concross Minstrels in Philadelphia. For a time Daugherty had been making "Sweet Evalina" the most hummed tune in the Quaker city. On the evening following the great event the interlocutor, thinking to poke a little fun at his favorite end-man, solemnly announced "Mister Daugherty will sing a new ballad entitled 'What shall we call the new baby?'" Instantly a voice from the gallery answered, "Evalina." Taking the tip Hughey went home and convinced Mrs. Daugherty that the selection was an excellent one, and it is with Mrs. Evalina Daugherty Butland that the eighty-year-old minstrel now resides.

Many Minstrel Men Here

For a long time the ever youthful Ralph Wray was practically the only old minstrel man who called Los Angeles home, but now there is quite a colony of the knights of the burnt-cork in this city. Wray himself is still in his fifties. He broke into the game when a mere child, up in San Francisco, and I believe it was

away back in 1874 that he first played in Los Angeles, at the old Merced Theater down near the Plaza. He is still actively engaged; in seeing that the rising generation does not reach maturity absolutely without knowledge of clog-dancing. Then there are now in Los Angeles, a few of them finding a living in the motion pictures, Billy Cartright, Charles E. Schilling, who is with the Dominguez Water Company, Edwin Hartley, James T. Kelly, Henri Stuart, who was a champion jig and clog dancer so long ago as 1857, Charles Mulgro, Gus Pixley, a distant relative of Frank Pixley, the librettist, Burton Stanley, who was a female impersonator before Julian Eltinge was born, Albert Geyer, Barnum's noted "\$10,000 Challenge Acrobat" who also appeared in minstrels, Tote Ducrow, and last but far from being least, Harry Booker.

Started Charlie Chaplin Capers

If motion pictures had been a popular diversion in 1875, instead of not until forty years later, it would probably be Harry Booker, instead of Charlie Chaplin, who would be drawing down ten thousand dollars a week as the prize screen clown of the world, for it was Booker who introduced to England the sort of comedy which Charlie thirty-five years later appropriated and made popular. In those days antics such as bring Chaplin his fabulous salary were known as the "acrobatic and break-neck song and dance." Booker and his old partner, Canfield, were among the originators of the stunt on this side of the water and took it to London with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels in 1875, when they played at St. James Hall. This slapstick work, something entirely new to the English, immediately became the fun sensation of the metropolis of the world, where it was promptly christened "knockabout." Other teams of Americans followed Booker and Canfield in the "acrobatic and break-neck song and dance," among them Wayne and Lovely, Cotton and Birdue, Connors and Kelly and Seaman and Summers, and the "knockabout" was promptly made a part of every English burlesque comedian's technic, where Charlie Chaplin, an Englishman, found it a generation later and perfected it for motion picture use. By the way, old Harry Booker is now also in motion pictures here, with the Keystone company, but age has proved a barrier to his use of any of the old "knockabout" laugh producers.

Pomona College Receives Gift

My good friend, John Main Dixon, returning from commencement exercises at Pomona College this week brings with him the spirit of youth and the glamor of such joyous occasions, along with greetings from James Blaisdell and other college friends. He describes in enthusiastic terms the exercises which were held in the Congregational church with about eighty graduates, forty-three of whom were of the fair sex. One young woman received the degree of Master of Arts, her thesis treating of the novel theme of "Color Development in Spiders." Her classmates achieved Bachelor of Arts, no honorary degrees having been conferred. In the afternoon a reception was given by the seniors in the beautiful Bridges Hall which is said to be a perfect little gem of architecture and well worth a visit. At a lawn party in the evening a sturdy young liveoak tree was added to the group in front of the music hall, and in its dedication to Prof. Blaisdell was beautifully expressed the community appreciation of this highly successful educator and executive. The speech of the evening was delivered by Dean Blackett. Dr. Dixon reports a substantial gift of \$25,000 toward the reconstruction of Holmes Hall, the original building of the college group of which it is now the odd nucleus in its somewhat antiquated architectural style. I am told that this building was at one time a hostelry and sheltered the weary traveler instead of resounding to the hum of young voices. It is to be made to conform with the remainder of the college buildings in appearance and modernity.

Is Hearst About to Quit?

"William Randolph Hearst is preparing to get out of the newspaper game." 'Gene Schmidt's San Francisco Observer is authority for the statement, for which it prays it may be given credit when the Hearst admission of the impeachment is made. However, I hardly believe the Hearst announcement of withdrawal from the journalistic field will be immediately forthcoming, despite the fact that the Observer thinks the San Francisco Examiner is losing money, his Atlanta paper is in straits, his Chicago organ is not doing as well as he expected and the American and Journal of New York are falling off. But the Observer is right in stating that the tendency of Mr. Hearst to exploit himself in his own papers is disgusting the public. Here are a few of the stories which the Observer's lively Lamp-lighter asserts he has read in Hearst papers: "Prediction of William Randolph Hearst That Hughes Would be Nominated Verified." "Prediction of William Randolph Hearst that Roosevelt Would Not Run, if Nominated by Progressives, Verified." "Wilson Endorses Naval Program of Mr. William Randolph Hearst." "Wilson Defeats Naval Program of Mr. William Randolph Hearst." "Wilson Endorses Mexican Plan of Mr. William Randolph Hearst." "Wilson Defeats Mexican Plan of Mr. William Randolph Hearst."

Editor for Congress

Just a few months ago Brother R. C. Harbison of the San Bernardino Sun coyly suggested that I was acting without definite information when I hinted that he intended to run for congress this year. Now I read announcement of his candidacy, thus confirming the political perspicacity of The Graphic. Mr. Harbison is deserving of the support of his fellow Republicans in the eleventh district. For twenty years he has fought their battles in his ably conducted Sun, always remaining consistently with the party and never listening to the heresies of the Hiram Johnson faction. A point which will, perhaps, gain him more votes in other sec-

tions of the district than it will in his home town is his record as an advocate of a dry San Bernardino, a stand which he took at a time when conducting such a fight called for more courage than it does today. The San Bernardino candidate should receive the careful consideration of the county convention which meets in San Diego July 1. An endorsement by that gathering would do much toward obtaining the Republican nomination for him. Announcement is momentarily expected that there will also be a Republican editor as a congressional candidate in the Ninth district. When does Frank C. Roberts of Long Beach expect to come out of the woods?

Officially "Salt Lake Route"

To T. C. Peck credit is given in the east for the adoption by the management of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad of the more crisp and convenient official designation of "Salt Lake Route." For years the road has been so called by the passenger traffic department and it was at the suggestion of General Passenger Agent Peck that it was officially renamed. The old title is to be dropped entirely and "Salt Lake Route" is to appear at the head of all company stationery.

League to Discuss Taxes

Cashier H. S. McKee of the National Bank of California, whose financial letters for that institution are earning him quite a reputation as a prophet, is to be one of the speakers at the "Taxes" banquet which the Municipal League is to hold next Tuesday. With the subject "Basic Principles" in such good keeping as that of Mr. McKee, the meeting should start off with a strong foundation from which to continue its discussions. Others who will speak are, I understand, Councilman J. S. Conwell, and County Assessor Ed Hopkins, while Seward C. Simons, secretary of the league, will give concrete suggestions on this most vital subject.

Joins Embassy in Russia

Richard Barry is not the only son of Colonel George A. Barry of the Monrovia News to achieve fame in journalism. I hear that the equally talented Griffin Barry, after a highly successful career, lately with Collier's, has been sent to Russia as an attache to Ambassador Francis' office. Barry will be one of eleven "commissioners of the ambassador," as I hear they will be called, who will make a social survey in Russia and in territory over which the war has raged. Writing of the Barrys reminds me that Richard has won his injunction suit against the American Film Manufacturing Company of Santa Barbara regarding the photoplay serial "The Secret of the Submarine," which was recently shown at a local house. Supreme Court Justice Hotchkiss of New York decided that Barry had proved that he is the owner of the original scenario upon which the play is based, that the production was made without his permission, his common-law rights were violated and that he is entitled to part, at least, of the profits arising from the exhibition of the photoplay.

Souvenir of "Old San Francisco"

Michael Williams, formerly of the local newspaper fraternity and well known throughout California by reason of his magazine work, is said to be hard at work in the Golden Gate city collecting data for a reconstruction picture of "Old San Francisco" before the great disaster of 1906, covering its history and development from the early days of the padres. Coming from an able newspaper man I shall expect to see many unique and gossipy chapters, dealing not only with the material side of the northern metropolis and its first families but with the various famous clubs and cafes which should furnish much of brilliancy and romance. I am told many of the pictures to be used could not be obtained in the west but were discovered in Chicago, New York and other eastern cities among rare old prints. Mr. Williams is being assisted in his labor of love and art by Hill Tolerman and John Henry Nash.

Flowing Ties and Henry Warnack

Of course, we all know that the costume of one particular character in "The Fall of a Nation" could not have had anything to do with the rather caustic comment which Henry Christeen Warnack of the Times made on that cinema, for Warnack is too just to let a little thing like that influence him, but there is a hurt tone in his criticism when he remarks: "One of the arch traitors appears to be a poet who wears a flowing tie. All men affecting this disguise do not make wars." Those who are familiar with Henry's ordinary garb can appreciate that it would mean much to him, personally, if the world becomes convinced of the unrighteousness of every man who wears a flowing tie.

Movie Publicity and Advertising

Never, probably, has more publicity been given to any motion picture than has been accorded the Vitagraph "Preparedness" photodrama, in the Times and Examiner. Column after column have been devoted to its exploitation, and half pages of advertising have been used frequently, in spite of the fact that it is a comparatively old film and has been shown at a Spring street house that, ordinarily, does not receive such press notices. Canny persons about town profess to see a connection between this vast amount of publicity and the comparative absence of other motion picture advertising in the Times and Examiner of last Sunday, when half a dozen of the movie houses which usually have twelve inches or more of space confined their announcements to two inches, double column. Unconfirmed rumor has it that the two papers in question have had a special arrangement for promoting the Vitagraph picture, which has been displeasing to their regular advertisers among the motion picture exhibitors.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

AT its closing concert of the season, the Lyric Club presented at Trinity Auditorium last Friday night a program that was quite hyphenated, as it took two composers to write seven numbers out of the ten performed. This fact would indicate strongly that the literature for women's choruses is too limited and publishers have to resort to arrangements of vocal and even instrumental solos and operatic numbers to fill their catalogues. There is a hint in this for our local composers. The opening and the closing numbers of the program were particularly pleasing because they had the tonal foundation of the organ in combination with the piano, the former played by Mr. Demorest and the latter by Mrs. Robinson. The average high pitch of the feminine chorus makes the organ tone particularly grateful in combination. The central and largest number was a chorus and solo cycle arranged from Grieg and the words were taken from a variety of sources; rather inane text, too, to come from noted names. This work did not present Grieg at his best though one discerned a characteristic touch now and then. The solos were allotted to Mrs. L. J. Selby and therein the club showed its good judgment. Mrs. Selby was pleasing in every respect, though the material did not give opportunity for her largest style. Among other numbers was the Spinning chorus from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," always a favorite, especially when sung by so large and well drilled a chorus as the Lyric women present.

Instrumental soloist at the Lyric Club was Desider Josef Vecsei, a Hungarian pianist who has been here for some time but who has not been heard by the general public. His principal number was a concerto by W. Friedemann Bach, arranged by August Stradel. The arranger has made of this old-time work a number that only a virtuoso could play. It is arranged on the Liszt style of pyrotechnics and makes large demands on the player. Things that Bach never thought of, technical developments that were unknown in his day were evidenced, especially in the first and last movements. Mr. Vecsei was entirely adequate to the performance of this rare number and proved a pianist of marked virtuosity. In his Chopin ballade he was less successful in interpretation, as the tempo was rather spasmodic at times. He evidently is more at home in painting with a large brush than with a small one. A few words as to the Bach number may be interesting as Mr. Vecsei seems to be the only one in this country who plays it.

Of the Bach family there were many. Omitting the scores of Bachs which preceded the great one of that name, Johann Sebastian, out of the latter's twenty children there were several who attained fame. The eldest of his sons, Wilhelm Friedemann, was the most gifted and was looked on by the father as his musical successor. After his father, he was the greatest organist in Germany. But he was dissipated and finally had to give up his church positions and became a tramp musician. He composed much music, but wrote down little of it and there is not much of his writing in the German museums and libraries and most of those are church cantatas. Evidently August Stradel has taken one of the few instrumental compositions—possibly for the harpsichord—and has given it a piano arrangement, one that calls for fugue in octaves, and technical contortions and sonorous combinations that would make the honored and dishonored Wilhelm Friedemann turn over in his pauper's grave.

Gamut Club is keeping up its reputation for interesting programs given on its "ladies' nights." The last one, which had to divide the evening with the first performance of "Lohengrin," was especially enjoyable, for it included, besides capable soloists, the string section of the Woman's orchestra, playing under the directorship of Henry Schoenefeld, one of the original members of the club. Three selections for the strings were from the pens of Mr. Schoenefeld and Charles E. Pemberton, who has been

secretary of the Gamut Club for eleven years. The soloists were Ramona Rollins Wylie, soprano, Bessie Fuhrer, violin, Lalla Fagge, violin, Katharine Higham, saxophone and George Schoenefeld, piano. The Bach concerto for two violins and piano was played by Misses Fuhrer and Fagge with Mr. Schoenefeld at the piano. Elsa Grosser also was heard in a violin obligato to one of Mrs. Wylie's solos. These affairs have the added interest of sociability, as informal receptions are given at the close of the program in the club's ball room.

Long Beach is planning a summer musical festival. At a recent meeting in that city the possibilities of such a plan were outlined by J. P. Dupuy, L. E. Behymer, Carl Bronson, Vernon Spencer and Charles W. Cadman. Mr. Bronson is suffering from one of the attributes of fame—a Long Beach writer on this occasion speaks of him as "Carl Brunt," but so long as an "l" wasn't used in place of the "r" Carl probably didn't care.

William Shakespeare was the guest of San Diego musicians at an informal reception last Saturday night. He has been invited to speak at the meeting of the music teachers of the state in that city July 8, and if he accepts probably will be the most notable musician present.

Tuesday night a novel and educational lecture-recital was given at Manual Arts High School by Harriet S. Laughlin, on the subject of national music, with reference to the idiosyncrasies of the nations as crystallized in their music, showing their racial and temperamental differences.

This is the season when the pupil holds sway. For the remainder of the year, he is appropriately subordinate to

the domination of the teacher; but at the end of the spring-time he rises in his might and claims the public attention. And so there are a number of recitals of advanced students to record this week. Monday night there was that of Nellie May Bowen, pianist, assisted by Esther Sharp, soprano, at the Gamut Club. Miss Bowen's larger numbers were by Debussy, Rubinstein, Liszt and Tschai-kowsky. Tuesday night at the Gamut Club Mabel Leslie, Leyde Schiffman, Lucy Smith and Morris Daly, offered a piano program which included representative numbers from Schumann, Debussy, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Bortkiewicz, Saint Saens and Grieg. It is refreshing to see a program in which Schumann, Mendelssohn and Mozart are recognized and not pushed off the map by the modern faddists.

Friday night at the Gamut Club an extended vocal program was given by the following: Mmes John Buckles, Byron Gay, Wm. Elwell, Henry Wiltse and the Misses Phoebe Harvey, Emma Marmion, Marjory Harvey and Helen Skillington. The program was highly representative of the best composers.

When a fourteen-year-old boy calmly presents you with a performance of a Bruch violin concerto, a Handel sonata and half-a-dozen shorter numbers from Debussy, Saint-Saens and Kreisler, one easily might consider himself confronted by a prodigy. And Purcell Mayer almost comes in that category, were it not that the term has fallen somewhat into disrepute by being overworked by careless newspaper writers. This lad is unusually talented and has also unusual application, as is shown by his playing this program at the Gamut Club Thursday evening. Hearing this program in advance convinces one that the lad is destined for no small place in the local musical world if his health and application hold out. For seven years he has studied with Mrs. Thilo Becker, taking a daily lesson, which conveys an idea of the work necessary to produce a really promising pupil.

Dwight C. Rice entertained with a musicale last Saturday night at his home, 124 West Avenue 52. Musical numbers were given by Misses Dray, Tollerday, Rogers, Thompson, and Poole. A high class of music was presented.

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Cheaters

By Robert O. Foote

IN "Upstairs and Down," which was given its premiere at the Morosco Theater last Sunday, Oliver Morosco seems to have found a worthy successor to the many previous theatrical sensations which have first seen the light in Los Angeles and have become country-wide successes. Not exactly in its present form, doubtless, will be the "Upstairs and Down" which will be taken east next fall, but that the sparkling comedy will suffer fewer changes than do most plays in the beginning of a long continued run must be the conviction conveyed by its early performances. Blessed with all the brilliancy of situation and dialogue for which its authors, Frederic Hatton and Fanny Locke Hatton, are noted, it is also fundamentally strong, after a rather tame first act has been safely passed. Scenically it is the most beautiful thing for which Mr. Morosco has ever stood sponsor. Robert McQuinn is credited with the stage investi-

lover, he becomes a bore after he has magnanimously allowed the little girl to have him, out of respect for the size of the lie she is willing to tell to achieve that consummation, and she, overcome by cave-man methods in a hitherto bashful and now carefully coached suitor, elopes with the latter in time to allow the captain and his more wholesomely alluring Elizabeth to find happiness in each other's arms. Nor is all the plot confined to the silly social set to which these persons belong, part of it concerns the servants downstairs and their opinions of their employers. Were it not for the bright Hatton lines, "Upstairs and Down" would drag slightly in the first act, which has no climax worthy of the better things which follow. Possibly, this is due to what seems a miscasting in the leading male role. Courtenay Foote is a polished actor but as Captain O'Keefe he falls far short of the possibilities of the part. An unfortunate result of his work in the movies is shown



ELEONORE DE CISNEROS, AT ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

ture and he is a worthy rival to the excellent cast for the plaudits of audiences. An alienist would find delight in "Upstairs and Down" if he might be allowed further investigation into the mental processes of its central character, a wild bit of a girl unhealthily curious over love. She is not the play's heroine—that lovely creature does not appear on the scene until the younger of the two charming sisters has had a sufficiently mild affair with Captain Terence O'Keefe, a polo-playing Irishman with a reputation as a rake. The captain flirts with whatsoever woman is handy and has included Miss Alice Chesterton, a debutante, but after entertaining her on New York roofgardens one evening when she was supposed to be visiting friends, he meets her older sister, Elizabeth, falls genuinely in love, only to have his sins overtake him when the younger of the girls, desperately seeking to hold the fascinating Irishman, falsely proclaims that he has wronged her. But delightful as is the captain as a

in his constant inclination to facial grimaces and bodily poses and he has difficulty with the required brogue. These are faults which may be overcome but even then it is to be doubted if Mr. Foote is able to impart the true Irish spontaneity. Mary Servoss, as Elizabeth Chesterton, is a constant delight, with her strong personal magnetism and her delicate shadings. As the younger sister Lola May also gives an excellent performance. Miss Grace Travers, as always, is most pleasing. The male parts, with the exception of the lead, help to add to the unusually fine cast. Fred L. Tidden, as the host at an exciting house party, is perhaps the best, although Paul Harvey's work as a bashful hulk of a man is excellent. Howard Scott's blase interpretations have been all too long missed from the Los Angeles stage. Another Los Angeles favorite is back in Leo Carillo, who plays Captain O'Keefe's amorously inclined valet. Carillo's comedy is sure even if his French is not, and no one can blame him for attempt-

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ing to flirt with as pretty a maid as Ida St. Leon makes.

Real Variety at Orpheum

For popular honors at the Orpheum this week there are three close rivals, one of them a holdover from the bill of last week, one a dog and one a motion picture. Seldom has this popular vaudeville house presented a more diversified program. Marie Cahill, her personality, her merry chatter and her coon songs continue to dominate as they did last week. But Svengali, a dog who knows too much to please superstitious persons, is not forgotten in the apportionment of applause. Svengali counts the people in the boxes, tells you how many are walking out on the aisles and even gives the number of the card his master has allowed a spectator to pick out of a deck. If Svengali were human he would soon own the Orpheum circuit, with his uncanny gift of mind reading. As to the motion picture, it is a burlesque entitled "How to Bring Up a Baby" and presents probably the youngest as well as the best natured movie actor in the world. Not that these are everything on the bill. Such is far from being the case. Our old favorites Bonita and Lew Hearn, are back. Bonita is even more statesque than in the past, so stunning, in fact, that her vocal shortcomings may be forgiven and Lew's rural humor still deserves that title. Martin Beck presents a beautifully staged Chinese drama, "The River of Souls," which, divested of its Oriental trappings, would occasion little comment. It is hardly the equal of the unusual "Overtones" or "The Passion Play of Washington Square" for both of which Mr. Beck was responsible. The Gomez trio are three Spanish dancers who bring all the warmth with which fancy invests their land. The young woman of the trio, she looks more like a lovely Irish girl than like a Spanish peasant, is so agile that it takes two masculine companions to provide her with partners. Dorothy Toye, the singer with both soprano and tenor voices, Willing, Bentley and Willing, coon shouters, and the Statues, remain over from last week.

Offerings on the Screen

There are about "The Fall of the Nation," which had its western premiere at Clune's Auditorium this week, two particularly notable things. One of them is Victor Herbert's music, the first complete orchestral score written as an accompaniment to an American motion picture. In its popular appeal it is far and away ahead of the film spectacle and persons presumably competent to judge assure me that in his devising of appropriate and atmospheric themes which echo the action of the drama Herbert has displayed the best of musicianship. The second emphatic sensation of this production, which is so amusingly termed "a grand opera-cinema," is in the animated cartoon of William J. Bryan which it affords, holding the great pacifist and his fellows up to ridicule, the good taste of which must be questioned but which affords the strongest "punch" of the entire offering. For the remainder of the production it might be well to invoke that old chestnut, "There is so much good in the worst of us." It is a great mixture of fine photography and good acting combined with many of the cheapest expedients of the motion picture, producing the impression that the director was following something akin to a movie cook book recipe, concocting his cake with a layer of the spectacular, a layer of pathos, a layer of comic relief, a layer of tragedy, all frosted together with bits of the American flag. But when all the demerits of "The Fall of the Nation" have been charged against it, it remains the best preparedness film which has yet been produced and in its conception is vastly superior to cheaper offerings along that line which have appeared in the past. It sustains interest, telling as it does of the successful efforts of peace-at-any-price advocates to prevent our arming against a possible enemy, the plotting of traitors, the invasion of our country and its final delivery from the conqueror by a secret society of American women who make the hated invaders, individually, fall in love with them and surrender arms which they deliver to their countrymen. It is almost impossible to select individuals for praise regarding performances, for the cast is of a uniformly high order, with no role which may be said to dominate the plot. It will, perhaps, be the opinion of many of those who see "The Fall of a Nation" that the best part of it is in the all too short picture of early American history which it presents in its prologue.

Announcement of a photoplay center—the rolls of active singers at the Metro-

ing around Italian vengeance usually brings shuddering mental pictures of tiresome Black Hand plots and similar overworked foolishness, but "The Gilded Spider," the current attraction at the Superba, is a restful surprise. It manages to picture the emotional Italian without resort to the outworn conventions of most such photodramas. Lon Chaney does an excellent bit of Italian impersonation which is a promise of even finer things to come and Louise Lovely is given a chance in a dual role to show that loveliness is not her only attribute, since she is a most pleasing screen actress.

Each picture in which Marguerite Clark appears seems to add freshness to that popular actress' pleasing naivete and grace and "Silks and Satins," which has been shown at Woodley's this week, is no exception. It is a romantic picture, with a story that runs smoothly along its merry way without jarring and harshness, just the vehicle best to set off the charm of this favorite star. She plays the part of a little French girl, Felicite, who is inspired by the diary of an ancestor bearing the same name, to seek adventure, which she finds in abundant measure. The photography is good and the production is the usual Marguerite Clark drawing card.

It is strange William Fox did not sooner think of the combination of Theda Bara and "East Lynne," the two seem so made for each other. As Isabelle, in the



Lelia Frost, at Clune's Auditorium

Fox modernized version of this old play. Theda has unequalled opportunity to splash around in her conception of a woman's soul and she does it in a way which is eminently pleasing to her scores of admirers. From the crowds that flock to see her it must be presumed that she really is, as her managers declare, quite as great a drawing card as the two or three most famous "pretty girls" of the screen.

On Stage and Screen Next Week

ORPHEUM—Whenever the week containing June 26 rolls around there is cause for rejoicing by all vaudeville lovers, as that date marks the anniversary of the present fine Orpheum theater building's history. This year, five since the house was opened in 1911, the day and date correspond, Monday being June 26, and the same music that greeted the first occupants of seats five years ago will again be played by Frankenstein and his orchestra, many of the same persons will sit in the same seats and in as many details as possible the occasion will be reminiscent of that of five years ago. But vaudeville has grown materially in quality since 1911 and the bill for the coming week will be far superior to that which opened the playhouse, for there are four headline acts. The top position in the new list goes to Mme. Eleonore de Cisneros, prima donna soprano, whose name is on

politan, the Manhattan, the Boston and the Chicago opera houses and in 24 houses abroad. She has never been heard before in Los Angeles. Maude Fealy, popular "legitimate" star will come in Hugh Herbert's play, "When the Tide Turned." Fay, Two Coleys and Fay, well known blackface actors, will make merry in "From Uncle Tom to Vaudeville." The Werner and Amoros company is a new organization which will give a combination of juggling and music. The holdovers will be "The River of Souls," Bonita and Lew Hearn, Svengali, the remarkable dog, and the Gomez trio of Spanish dancers. There will be the usual Pathe news views and orchestral concert.

MAJESTIC—Anna Pavlowa, the world's greatest dancer, and her notable company, including Monsieur Alexandre Volinine, premier danseur classic, Mlle. Stephanie Plaskovietzka, premiere danseuse classic, Mlle. Griffova, Lindowska and Fredova, Monsieur M. Vajinsky, and others, will begin her engagement at the Majestic Theater Monday night. One of the unique features of this engagement will be that there will be performances on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, and Saturday matinee only. Pavlowa has selected a series of her most popular and beautiful divertissements for this Los Angeles engagement. All the company are solo dancers, who have attained distinction in the Russian Imperial Ballet before they were chosen by Pavlowa, and for that reason, all of the best of the Pavlowa production will be given here during this engagement, including such tremendously popular numbers as her "Dragon-Fly," "The Dying Swan," and others. Theodore Stier, the famous Russian conductor will wield the baton for the orchestra during the Pavlowa engagement. He was brought here especially for that purpose from New York by Pavlowa.

MASON—"Canary Cottage," probably the most wonderful comedy with music that Los Angeles will have this year, and possibly for several seasons to come, will begin its sixth capacity week with Sunday night's performance. There will be the usual popular mid-week matinee on Wednesday and the regular matinee on Saturday of the sixth week. The same brilliant cast will continue, including Trixie Friganza, queen of comedy, Charles Ruggles, one of America's most popular juveniles, Herbert Corthell, the funniest rotund comedian, Eddie Cantor, black-face comedian, Laurence Wheat, the witty young Irishman, Louise Orth, the beautiful blonde "Canary," Eunice Burnham, famous star of vaudeville, Grace Ellsworth, the character comedienne, the dancing Morin girls and the laugh-getting Edwards Brothers.

MOROSCO—With the most magnificent production ever given a dramatic comedy in the west, "Upstairs and Down" at the Morosco theater, has proved one of the biggest successes of years, and it will start its second week at the Morosco Theater with Sunday's matinee, with an advance sale that has broken all records. In producing "Upstairs and Down" at the Morosco theater, Oliver Morosco has placed Broadway, Los Angeles, on an equal with Broadway, New York, by giving "Upstairs and Down" the same production here that it will receive in New York in the fall. The cast of the play includes such a list of Broadway favorites as may never again assemble in the west for any dramatic production. Morosco brought Robert Milton, chief of stage directors, here for this production, and this wizard of the stage has given the perfect play to Los Angeles. This cast includes Mary Servoss, Leo Carrillo, Courtenay Foote, Lola May, Fred Tiden, Grace Travers, Roberta Arnold, Paul Harvey, Howard Scott, Joseph Eggen-ton, Jack Belgrave, Mlle. Fovieri, William Macdonald, Ida St. Leon, and others.

CLUNE'S AUDITORIUM—Beginning Monday afternoon, "The Fall of a Nation" will start its second week at Clune's Auditorium. "The Fall of a Nation" is a cinema grand opera, the production being by Thomas Dixon, author of the "Birth of a Nation." "The Clansman," and many other successes, and the accompanying music by Victor Herbert, America's most famous composer, who has written an original grand opera score, expressive of the tremendous emotions and passions of this play. It was produced by the National Drama Corporation of Los Angeles, and was first presented in New York several weeks ago. The story of "The Fall of a Nation" is one that touches vitally the heart of every man, woman and child in

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the United States at this time, treating as it does of the tremendous possibilities created by negligence of proper military and naval preparedness. "The Fall of a Nation" is being given at standard theater prices.

BURBANK—"Mile a Minute Kendall" will begin its fourth week Monday night. Aside from being one of the best rapid-fire comedies of years, "Mile a Minute Kendall" has carried a particular appeal to every owner of an automobile in Southern California, because it tells the remarkable story of the manner in which an automobile can be operated at the price of a tenth of a cent a mile. "Mile a Minute Kendall" has been given the careful consideration of its author, Owen Davis, and its producer, Oliver Morosco, until it is now in the smooth, clean-cut shape that will mark its appearance in New York in the fall. Featured in the cast are Edith Lyle, Harry Mestayer and Frank Darien, who head the list of fun makers, with the entire strength of the Burbank Company.

WOODLEY'S—Beautiful Louise Huff is featured in "Destiny's Toy," the unusually dramatic photoplay for next week. It is the tale of a little girl who is washed up by the sea, following a wreck, of her life with the old fisherman who finds her and of her finally learning of her identity as the child of a man who had shut himself up in a great mansion following the loss of his beloved wife and the supposed drowning of his daughter. In addition to Miss Huff the cast includes several other popular players, among them John Bowers, J. W. Johnston and Harry Lee.

GARRICK—For originality in conception and novelty in presentation "The Inner Struggle" is said to take high rank among photoplays. It will be the American-Mutual masterpiece next week. Such a daring subject as leprosy has been selected as the basic theme and is so skillfully handled that the feelings are not harassed by sensationalism. The principals are Franklin Richie and Roy Stewart. The Chaplin Scream, "The Fireman," will be continued for one more week and a new Mutual weekly will be shown.

SUPERBA—Nature supplemented modern science when a motion picture company was taken to the Mojave desert for the purpose of producing "The Three Godfathers," the Superba's coming offering. It is necessary to the realism of the narrative that several of its principals shall be lost in a sand storm and the director declares he has the most realistic photograph of a sand storm ever obtained. Harry Carey, George Berrell and Frank Lanning interpret the role of three bank robbers who escape officers of the law only to be made captives by a newly born infant.

MILLER'S—Bertha Kalich will make her second screen appearance in the film drama "Ambition." Mme. Kalich has many stage successes to her credit and she finds "Ambition" particularly to her liking. It is a strong drama of purely American theme and as the wife of a politician, torn between her good and bad nature, she has an excellent role. The added features will be "Mutt and Jeff in the Movies" and the latest international News Pictorial.

Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

ONE of the prettiest weddings of the season was that of Miss Dora Dale Rogers, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rogers of 216 West Adams street and Mr. Irving Van Aken Augur which was solemnized Wednesday evening. The ceremony took place in the gardens of the home, the bridal party standing before an improvised altar of roses, pink sweet peas and tulle, arranged in front of a trellis arbor of bracken and ferns. An aisle from the porch to the altar was marked by posts topped with clusters of blossoms and ferns with bows of tulle ribbons. A feature of the ceremony was the playing of the wedding march by Mr. William Pfaff, the bride's former music teacher. Rev. Hugh K. Walker of Long Beach performed the ceremony and the bride was given into the keeping of the bridegroom by her brother, Mr. Harry Rogers. Preceding the ceremony Miss Mae Schleuter sang "Because," with Miss Lillian Amalie Smith at the piano. The bride wore a becoming gown of white crepe de chine with trimmings of rose point and duchesse lace. Her veil of tulle was caught to her head by sprays of orange blossoms and she carried an arm shower of bride's roses, white orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. William Dellamore assisted the bride as matron of honor, Miss Edna Augur, sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Marie Nichols, Miss Silence McVay and Miss Frances Whitesell. They were all gowned in pink taffeta with overdraperies of pink silk tulle and carried white shepherdess crooks with a fluffy bow of pink tulle fastening a cluster of pink sweet peas at the "crook." Mr. Harry Newton Rogers served Mr. Augur as best man and the ushers were Mr. Wayland B. Augur, Mr. Charlie Albert Rogers, Mr. Arthur Eaton and Mr. Caster. Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served, the bride's table being arranged in the library and was artistically decorated with pink sweet peas, lilies of the valley and ferns. The wedding is the culmination of a romance which started in their "school" days. The bride is a talented artist, being accomplished in painting as well as sculpture and moulding. Mr. and Mrs. Augur will enjoy an extended wedding trip and after July 15 will be at home in Maricopa, California, where Mr. Augur is in business.

With the martial call sounding throughout the country there has been a hastening of weddings which had been planned for later summer or the autumn season. One of the most charming of these young brides is Mrs. Van Santvoord Merle-Smith, formerly Miss Kate Fowler, Pasadena's richest heiress. The marriage of the young couple, which took place Tuesday evening in New York City, was hastily decided upon, closely following the announcement of their engagement made last week. At that time the wedding date was set for September and the affair was to have been one of the brilliant society events of the season. Mr. Merle-Smith as a corporal in Troop C. Squadron A of the New York cavalry is among those who will be sent to the Mexican border in case war is declared. The young bride, who is a daughter of the late Eldridge Fowler of Chicago, manufacturer and banker. She has made her home for the last few years with her stepmother in Pasadena, and has been particularly active in philanthropic and sociological work. She is a niece of Mrs. Cyrus McCormick of Chicago. Mr. Merle-Smith is a son of Rev. Milton Merle-Smith pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of New York. The engagement and marriage of the young couple follow a romance begun on a trip abroad.

One of the most brilliant society events of the month will be the large reception for which Mrs. William T. McFie of West Twenty-ninth street has just issued invitations. The affair will be given Thursday afternoon, June 29 from four until six o'clock. Several hundred guests have been invited for the occasion.

Notably attractive among last week's society affairs was the large tea given Friday by Mrs. Chappell Q. Stanton in honor of her new daughter-in-law, Mrs.

Edwin L. Stanton. The affair was artistically appointed. The charming young bride was attired in her wedding gown of white satin and pearls. Mrs. Stanton, Sr., also wore white, while Mrs. Forrest Stanton was in a beautiful gown of yellow. Assisting were Mrs. W. D. Woolwine, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. A. B. Cook, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mrs. Mathew Robinson, Mrs. Willits J. Hole, Mrs. H. G. Brainerd, Mrs. W. S. Bartlett, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Jr., Mrs. Franklin Booth, Mrs. W. Bohon, Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. William Oliver, Mrs. Edwin Janss, Mrs. McGoodwin, Mrs. Boyle Workman, Mrs. Charles Wellborn, Mrs. Grantland Long, Mrs. J. M. Jeeney, Mrs. H. W. Barton, Mrs. Mark Lewis, Mrs. Victor Shaw, Mrs. William J. Chichester, Mrs. Samuel Dunlap, Miss Lulu McGoodwin, Mrs. George Hughes, Mrs. J. McCoy, Mrs. Allen Ellington, Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mrs. James French, Mrs. Bob Miller, Mrs. Charles Nebeker, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Marie McCoy, Miss Elizabeth Helm, Miss Beatrice Finlayson, Miss Dorothy Williams, Miss Mildred Wellborn, Miss Agnes Britt, Miss Edith Bryant, Miss Cecil Call and the Misses Hughes.

Mrs. Carl Leonardt entertained recently with a prettily appointed luncheon at her home in Chester Place. Lavender and rose-toned sweet peas were artistically combined in the decorations, being arranged in a large basket tied with lavender and rose satin ribbons. Places were marked for Mrs. A. Giannini of San Francisco, the guest of honor; Mrs. Edward L. Doheny, Mrs. Herbert G. Wiley, Mrs. Philip Forve, Mrs. Segundo Guasti, Mrs. George Lichtenberger, Mrs. Arthur Bayer, Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin, Mrs. Louis Lichtenberger, Mrs. Isabel Maier, Mrs. Charles McFarland, Mrs. Herman Vollmer, Mrs. P. G. White, Mrs. Frank Powell, Mrs. McGinnis, Miss Clara Leonardt and Miss Marie McGinnis.

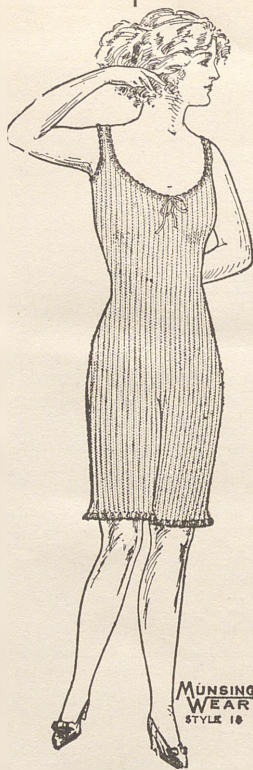
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Venice and their three charming daughters, Laura, Eleanor and Virginia, are home again after a delightful motor trip to San Diego. While in the Exposition city they were guests of Mrs. Tom Anderson. Miss Laura Anderson is one of the most popular students at Stanford and has but recently returned to pass the summer with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz have concluded their visit in this city and returned to their northern home. Mr. Hertz is well known as having been in charge of the San Francisco Symphony and Mrs. Hertz before her marriage was Miss Lilly Dorn, a well known singer. During their recent visit Mr. and Mrs. Hertz were complimented with many social affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Baker of 1000 Oak Grove avenue, Pasadena, make formal announcement of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Charline Baker, to Mr. Walter Harrington, which was solemnized June 15, at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. Robert Freeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church officiating. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the wedding was a quiet one, only the immediate family being in attendance.

Miss Eloise Bartlett, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Dana Bartlett of 1437 Malvern avenue has named Monday, July 10, as the date of her marriage to Mr. Edward Blake Brier and the ceremony is to take place in Honolulu, where Mr. Brier is in business at present. Miss Bartlett will sail from San Francisco, July 3, and upon her arrival in the island city the wedding will take place at the home of friends of her parents. A number of pretty courtesies have been extended Miss Bartlett since the announcement of her engagement, by her many friends and sorority among which is a delightful shower which is being given in her honor today at the home of Miss Dorothy Henniger in Eagle Rock.

Brilliant and delightfully enjoyable was the supper dance with which Messrs. William Banning, Wendell Kinney, Lacy Swaine, Thatcher Kemp, John Scott, Hays Busch, Halsey Dennen, Hollander Hammond, Frederick Forbes, William



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Smith, Halleck Vanderleck, William Combs and Reese Taylor entertained about two hundred of their friends last night at the Los Angeles Country Club. The boys are a younger branch of the Tau Sigma fraternity. Serving as patronesses for the affair were Mrs. Edgar Lacy Swaine, Mrs. Joseph Banning, Mrs. Arthur H. Busch, Mrs. Arthur W. Kinney, Mrs. John W. Kemp and Mrs. Augustus F. Combs.

What promises to be one of the most enjoyable social events of the week for the younger set is the informal dancing party to be given this evening by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O. McLaughlin of South Figueroa street, complimenting their charming young daughter, Miss Cecile McLaughlin, who graduates this year from Marlborough. The affair is to be given at the Bolsa Chico Gun Club and the party numbering about forty will motor out in time for dinner. A number of special friends of Mr. Edward McLaughlin, who has just graduated from Santa Clara, will be among the invited guests for the evening.

One of the delightful affairs given the first of the week was the dancing party Monday evening with which Mrs. George P. Griffith of 2801 Orchard avenue entertained in compliment to her two sons, Mr. George Griffith and Mr. Richard Griffith, the latter having just returned from Princeton. A pretty motif of yellow and white was tastefully arranged with ferns in decorating the rooms. Japanese lanterns effectively adorned the beautiful garden and a Hawaiian string band furnished the music. About seventy guests enjoyed the evening.

About seventy-five guests were entertained Thursday afternoon by Miss Eleanor Workman, the affair being given at the home of her mother, Mrs. Boyle Workman on Normandie avenue, in compliment to Mrs. Edwin Locksley Stanton, one of the recent brides. Summer blossoms and greenery were used

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in the decorations. Mrs. Workman was assisted in pouring tea by Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. W. H. Workman, Jr., Mrs. W. S. Kerckhoff and Mrs. Harry Watson. The young hostess was assisted by Miss Widney Watson, Miss Marion Kerckhoff, Miss Jane Richardson, Miss Marion Wigmore, Miss Beatrice Finlayson, Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff, Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks, Mrs. Fred Watson, Miss Donna Moses, Miss Frances Beveridge, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Mary McMillan, Miss Dorothy Williams and the guest of honor.

With an interesting itinerary planned for their trip of several weeks, Mr. and Mrs. Secundo Guasti left the first of the week for an extended northern tour in their automobile. They were accompanied by Mr. N. Bonfilio and Mrs. Niconia Giullu. The party will make a short visit in San Francisco, from whence they will motor to the Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, returning home in the latter part of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Marshall of Arrowhead, who are planning to leave in the near future for an eastern visit, have been passing several days in Los Angeles, shopping and visiting with friends here. They will include St. Paul, Chicago and New York City in their eastern itinerary.

Mrs. G. Wiley Wells has returned from an attractive ranch home near Covina, where she has been sojourning for the last two months, and is again at home to her friends at Hotel Darby.

Mr. and Mrs. Pascal Henry Burke who motored northward to Del Mar for a recent week-end sojourn, have returned to their home here.

Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner have returned from their motoring trip to the Yosemite. They have closed their home on West Adams street for the summer months and are located at the Beverly Hills hotel for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rankin Brainard and son, Edward R. Brainard, Jr., have gone up to Mt. Washington for a sojourn of several weeks.

Miss Elizabeth Brant was the gracious young hostess Tuesday at an informal luncheon given in compliment to Mrs. William Emerson Barrett of Boston, who is visiting here. The luncheon was at the home of Miss Brant on South Figueroa street, about a dozen or so guests being invited in to meet Mrs. Barrett.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy Cochran left Tuesday for the east for a visit of three or four weeks. They plan to pass a part of their time in Idaho.

In honor of Mrs. Edwin Locksley Stanton, one of the most charming young brides of the season, Miss Cecil Call, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Call of Beacon street entertained Tuesday with a luncheon. The affair was attractively appointed, an old-fashioned bouquet forming the centerpiece for the large dining table, where places were arranged for twelve.

Mr. Frank Thomas was host at a week-end yachting party over last Sunday. His guests were Mr. Harry Coburn Turner, Mr. William Reed and Mr. Harry Dana Lombard.

Miss Margaret Fleming, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, entertained a group of her friends Wednesday at a prettily appointed luncheon. The affair was given at the Midwick Club, about forty maids and young matrons being invited for the occasion.

Mrs. Herman Janss of Brentwood entertained Friday of last week with a beautifully appointed luncheon and bridge party, the affair being in compliment to Mrs. Charles H. Jeffras, a sister of Mrs. William J. Chichester, who has come from New York and Greenwich, Conn., with the plan of making her permanent home in Los Angeles, with her husband and their son.

Wee little Miss Lucy Estelle Doheny, the winsome daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny, Jr., celebrated her first birthday Wednesday afternoon with a wonderful party to which a number of other little lads and lassies, with their mothers were invited. The affair proved an auspicious event to the little guests and the older folk as well.

Miss Lillian Van Dyke will entertain next Tuesday afternoon at bridge, the affair being in compliment to Miss Helen Goodal, and Miss Gertrude Banks of San Francisco, two charming young women who accompanied Miss Eleanor Banning upon her return home from the northern

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city recently. Both young visitors have many friends here and several delightful affairs will be given in their honor. They will be guests this week-end at a house party at Catalina Island.

Miss Lucile G. Phillips, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Allen Phillips of Berkeley Square is being welcomed by a host of friends, having just returned from Vassar College, where she is in her second year.

Announcement has just been received here by the many friends of Mrs. Viola Ballard-Horn and her daughter, Miss Lucile Ballard, of the former's marriage in New York City to Mr. William Galvin Giles. Miss Ballard accompanied her mother east for the wedding, news of which comes as a great surprise to their Los Angeles friends.

Mrs. William Wilshire of San Francisco is here for a visit of several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Harold Plummer. A number of informal courtesies are planned for her.

Mrs. Walter Trask of South Figueroa

Lucile's Shop Talk



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SOMETHING new for shoppers—a service to facilitate shopping. If you have any problems regarding that new dress or hat, no matter what the occasion, this service will prove invaluable to you. Out of town customers will find this feature, which has been introduced by a department store on Broadway, corner Fourth, a great aid in purchasing.

For distinctive gowns, built to suit your individual figure, call on a modiste in the Seventeen Hundred Block, on West Seventh, and you will find someone who takes pride in pleasing those who are hard to please.

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I am sure you will enjoy a visit to the art exhibit on Promenade E, Brack Shops. Beautiful paintings, antiques and objects of art await your inspection. This exchange will sell anything of art value of which you may wish to dispose.

All kiddies like circus parades, and we all know the menagerie is one of the main features of the circus. To satisfy their taste for a perpetual "circus" visit an exchange on Main near Sixth, and you will marvel at the wonderful variety of birds and pets.

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street has issued invitations for a luncheon to be given at the Los Angeles Country Club, Tuesday, June 27. The afternoon will be devoted to bridge. About forty guests have been invited in for the affair, which will be one of the most delightful of the week's events.

Miss Gertrude Kerckhoff and Miss Marion Kerckhoff, the attractive daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff of West Adams street, have returned home for their summer vacation. They have been attending Miss Spencer's New York School, and are being happily welcomed among their many friends here.

Mrs. John Milner of 2646 La Salle avenue will leave Monday for the east, where she plans to pass a part of the summer with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Michod of Chicago. Mrs. Michod will be remembered here as Miss Elsa Milner.

With summer and the general exodus of local folk to beach and mountain, as well as alien shores, a large party of Los

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Angelans are planning to leave early in July for an extended Oriental tour. The party, under the direction of Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager of the travel agency of the California Savings Bank, will leave Los Angeles, July 6, sailing from San Francisco July 8 on the new Japanese liner, S. S. Shinyo Maru. On arrival in Yokohama they will proceed by automobile through Japan, thence through Korea and Manchuria to Peking, down the Yantze river to Shanghai, thence to Hong Kong and Canton, returning to Los Angeles September 11. Several of the travelers are planning to continue on from Hong Kong to Java, the Straits Settlements, returning by way of Australia and New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Germain have now settled in their beautiful new home in Brentwood Park, where they are at home to their many friends.

Mrs. William Lacy of Wilshire Boulevard will be hostess Thursday afternoon, June 29, at a delightful affair to which a number of her friends have been bidden.

Books

IN reading "Roadside, Glimpses of the Great War" the main impression is astonishment that its writer ever got through alive. An American reporter of the most insistent type, Arthur Sweetser, forced his way from the French lines to the German in time to be along with Von Kluck in his drive on Paris. How he obtained pass after pass, pushed on with his bicycle, was mistaken over and over again for British because he spoke English, was handcuffed and thrown into prison and treated as a spy, all this wonderful tale of hairbreadth escapes is told in these intense pages. Probably he makes the most of his material, for the dialect of the two Irish soldiers whom he met at an opportune time when he was a prisoner of the French sounds a little "stagey." They were "two huge men fully six feet two, with big towels wrapped over their heads and under their chins, a six weeks' growth of ruddy beard, women's chemises which left a big expanse of shaggy chest, trousers stopped halfway at the knee, and shoes too small to fasten." They had been separated from their regiment, and were adrift for the time being, though kindly treated by their French allies.

One of them, with mouth crammed with sardines, sweet chocolate and pears, learned I was a prisoner.

"Phwat are yez talkin' about? Phwat are yez, an Englishman?"

"No, an American."

"Well, damn me, it's the same thing. Who's got yer?"

I pointed to my little guard. The big Irishman stalked over, brandished a huge fist in his face, and let forth a volley which nearly sent me prostrate with laughter.

"Who th'hill do yez think yer are anyway? I've a good mind to knock yer block off, yer good-for-nothing, insignificant little Frenchie. That guy's a friend of mine, and he's worth about six of you."

This fortunate encounter rescued Mr. Sweetser from one of his many troublesome dilemmas. One thing the author discovered, that at the beginning of the war the Germans counted upon American sympathy. "Evidently the German soldier had been led to believe that the United States was very sympathetic with the Fatherland, if not openly active in support. At all times my American passport brought respect and courtesy, and several times, as at the looting of Senlis, the single word 'Americanisch' changed a gray mob of excited soldiers eager to steal my bicycle into a group of cordial friends."

His experiences ended at Antwerp, which he left just before the bombardment, but not before the contingent of British marines had arrived.

Heaven be praised! Great Britain had come back to Belgium! How big, how cheerful, how inspiring those few khaki uniforms looked! What a warmth and radiance glowed over the whole scene! Positively we thrilled till the tears almost came into our eyes. Little Belgium, smashed and crushed into her last stronghold, alone against an overwhelming enemy, might now see rising before it the might and power of the British Empire. The bleeding Belgian army could once more struggle to its feet and acclaim itself a fighting force. The utter desperation which had settled upon Belgium when the British and French had fled precipitately from Mons and Charleroi was now at least lightened. And whatever be said of Churchill's 9,000 marines, let it be ever remembered that 50,000 Belgian soldiers retreated out of Antwerp with the knowledge that their struggle was not a lone one.

Mr. Sweetser's sympathies are intensely with the suffering Belgians, victims of "betrayal, espionage, corruption, treason. Heaven knows if they were true, the important thing was that on everyone's lips were rumors of betrayal by German residents and agents; rumors of treason by German officers in Belgian service; rumors of bribery and intimidation of Belgian peasantry. There was no tragedy more awesome than this anguish of national soul and spirit; no horror more horrible than this unsuspected cancer within. That the Belgian army stood up against it, stood up against civilian panic, stood up against hopeless odds and still smiled, is a tribute which makes a glorious struggle doubly glorified." ("Roadside Glimpses of the Great War." By Arthur Sweetser. The Macmillan Company. Bullock's.) J. M. D.

Eugenics Theme of Novel

Against a background involving the principles of eugenics, Muriel Hine has adroitly and skillfully woven an interest-

ing story, "The Individual." The novel takes its name, incidentally, from a statement of young Orde Tavenor, a brilliant surgeon and the hero of the tale, that "the individual must be sacrificed in the interests of the race" when it is a question of choice between them. By a fateful stroke of destiny Tavenor, at the height of his career falls a victim to his own theories. He is confronted with the necessity of upholding his own beliefs, estranging the young wife whom he adores—or retiring from his leadership of the present day eugenic faction, a renegade in his own eyes. And while the specter of inherent insanity stands between man and wife, events take place which add interesting complications to the plot, and in the end the problem is unexpectedly solved, a clear note of hope standing out against the dark background of war. The story in its development denotes the novelist's knowledge and care in plot-building. Incidents are well balanced and each cleverly foreshadowed. The characters are drawn with sufficient clarity to sustain the interest of the reader, although the novel's strength is mainly centered in its plot and the events incidental to the story's development. While eugenics forms the background, the subject is not obtrusively handled. ("The Individual." By Muriel Hine. John Lane Co. Bullock's.)

Romantic Western Story

In "The Shadow Riders," a novel with Western Canada as a picturesque setting, Isabel Paterson has written an interesting story in which the love affairs of a man, a woman and a girl furnish the keynote. The story, which is carefully sustained in interest, is set in the newer land—a country of the young, which reflects the eager hopes, the quick successes and the romanticism of the real West. The narrative is woven about the lives of a little group of persons and into the plot are threaded two distinct love stories, both of almost equal interest in their development. The romance of a young man and a girl, interrupted by the flirtatious instincts of a young married woman forms the major theme of the story, with the career of the young man as an incidental factor. Scarcely less interesting is the romance centered about a young girl, who by dint of her own strength of character rises above an early misfortune, eventually "comes back" into the life and respect of her townspeople, and in the end finds real happiness in the sheltering love of the man who gave her his name as a sesame to her former home and friends. The novel is written with a sure, certain pen, the characters are well drawn and the story is one that holds the reader's interest. ("The Shadow Riders." By Isabel Paterson. John Lane Co. Bullock's.)

"When the Path Breaks"

Hardly the work of a younger Poe, as the publishers proclaim it, is "Where the Path Breaks," to which is signed the name Capt. Charles de Crespigny, but which, we are assured, is not the true name of the author. It is, in its earlier chapters, an unusual war tale, narrating the awakening of a wounded English officer, Lord Denin, in a Germany hospital and his slow, difficult climb back to consciousness following a trepanning operation performed by his captors eight months after his capture in one of the early battles of the war. One of the first things heard by this officer, following the return to reason, is that the young American girl he married an hour before he started for the front, has become the bride of another Englishman, for he, himself, has been given up for dead, and indeed, a body has been identified as his own. The officer chooses to remain "beyond the grave" and thereafter "Where the Path Breaks" becomes the tale of a spiritual love. The hero escapes from the Germans and makes his way to America, for he is too badly wounded to permit of his continuing to fight. On his way across the Atlantic in a ship steeage the supposedly dead Lord Denin writes a book, as a message to the wife he loved devotedly. In it he tries to have a voice speak across the void to tell her she has done no wrong in remarrying. The book is published

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and creates a big sensation. Its author has retired to Santa Barbara, birthplace and girlhood home of his lost bride and with the first proceeds of his book has purchased as a home for himself what was once her playhouse. There he receives from his former wife a letter to the unknown author, thanking him for the comfort his book has given her. The correspondence waxes voluminous, in fact, it takes up the greater part of the book. Finally, Lady Denin, whose second husband is a helpless, irascible invalid, whom she pities, journeys to California to seek the man whose letters have so strengthened her soul, arriving just in time to meet her real husband as he is fleeing from her and together they go off into the world together, forgetting forever that they are Lord and Lady Denin. By far the best thing in this volume is the description of the return of consciousness to Lord Denin, but there is so much sentimentality in it that it will be to the class which craves this latter element that it will, doubtless, make its greatest appeal. ("Where the Path Breaks." By Capt. Charles de Crespigny. Century Co. Bullock's.)

Notes From Bookland

Samuel McCoy, whose first novel, "Tippecanoe," has just been issued by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, is a special reporter on the Philadelphia Ledger. Before casting in his lot with the Quakers he lived in Chicago, Indianapolis and New York. He is a graduate of Princeton, thirty years old, and married. His verse has appeared in the leading magazines and has had the hearty approval of the elect. "Tippecanoe" is romantic—historical. It belongs to the "To Have and to Hold School."

Wise men assure us that every modern movement had its beginning in the dawn of history—and so the Suffragists are said to find the germ of their movement for feminine progress, not in George Sand and her successors, but in the Fourth Century, A. D. Mary of Alexandria appears as the first recorded feminist, in that new Pilgrim's Progress of womankind, "Behold the Woman!"

Within a few weeks The Century Co. will publish a work entitled "The Case for the Filipinos," a history of American sovereignty in the Philippines and a plea for the independence of the Islands. The author, Maximo M. Kalaw, is secretary to the Hon. Manuel L. Quezon, Resident Commissioner of the Philippines in Washington, who contributes an introduction to the work. Mr. Kalaw is distinctly a product of the American system of education established in the Islands, having graduated from the University at Manila before coming to this country, where he took his degree in law at the Georgetown University Law School, 1914.

"On Being Human," a new book by President Wilson, has been published by the Harpers. Real humanity, says the distinguished writer, consists in a wide sympathy with one's fellows, a sane, comprehensive view of life. This may be gained, he shows, through observation of men and through the influence of "human" books. In this time when the multitude of details in our daily existence and the necessity of specialization narrow our natures, it is especially important, he points out, that we do not lose sight of the value of being human to the man as an individual and as a citizen. "On Being Human" is issued in the same size and style as "When a Man Comes to Himself," the President's book of last year.

Amanda K. Coomaraswamy, author of "Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism," about to be issued by the Putnams, recently arrived in America, where he will

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lecture on subjects connected with India. Mr. Coomaraswamy holds the title of doctor of science from University College, London, of which institution he is a fellow.

Captain Charles de Crespigny, announced as the author of the new Century novel, "Where the Path Breaks," is really a pen-name, used now for the first time, of a writer of entertaining fiction universally known in America and England. Because of peculiar though entirely innocent circumstances, the publishers are not at liberty to reveal his identity.

Any noteworthy book that is published anonymously is certain to set the reviewers guessing at the authorship and in most cases the candidacies championed are as numerous as the membership of the fraternity of writers. All the more striking, therefore, is the fact that the reviewers of three English papers that maintain a reputation for acumen have come to the conclusion that "Father Payne," published in America by the Putnams, is written by Arthur Christopher Benson.

Norreys J. O'Connor's "The Fairy Bride," is the only play ever written in America which shows the Celtic fairyland on the stage. The book is adapted both for reading and for acting. Three of the many lyrics interspersed through the play have been set to music. There is a note at the back of the book on Irish costume and an alternative setting for those who wish to put the play on indoors, instead of outdoors for which it is written.

Margaret Deland's novel, "The Iron Woman," is being translated into Armenian, and will run as a serial in "The Armenian Journal," published in Boston. "The Iron Woman" has already been translated into French, German, and Swedish, and has also been transcribed for the blind.

"Retreats for the Quiet Hour," in the June National Food Magazine, is clearly the thought of a Californian. Charles Alma Byers, the writer, is a Los Angeleno. Comment on the Great Biennial, "Hints on How to Set a Table," "Practical Talks on Human Nutrition" and kindred topics complete a full number.

Books Received This Week

"When Pan Pipes." By Mary Taylor Thornton. Poems. George H. Doran Co.

"Ships in Port." By Lewis Worthington Smith. Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Gate of Asia, a Journey from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea." By William Warfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Soldier Boy." By C. Lewis Hind. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the World of Amateur Sports

BEFORE this issue of The Graphic reaches its readers the Pacific coast singles tennis championship for 1916 will have been determined in the meet at Del Monte. However the finals go, a San Franciscan will hold the title. That much was determined when the semi-finals were reached, as the four survivors were all from the bay city, William Johnston, the national champion, Clarence Griffin, his partner as national doubles champion, Roland Roberts, the wonderful San Francisco boy player and Karl Gardner, a northern veteran of the net game. In men's doubles the result is no nearer at this writing than in the singles, but the south, at least, is represented in the semi-finals, as Horrell and Dixon, a Los Angeles team, succeeded in eliminating Roberts and his partner, Batkin, when the northerners played a ragged match Wednesday. K. Kumagai and Mikami, champions of Japan, reached Del Monte too late to compete in the tournament but played several exhibition matches.

Brentwood Club Growing

Brentwood Country Club, though still among the youngest of its kind, is growing remarkably fast and is expected to take its place with the most firmly established clubs within a short time. It was at first planned to close the lists to members desiring to join at a reduced rate about the middle of the present month, but at last accounts arguments to extend the time limit for those desiring to enter at attractive initiation prices appear to have prevailed. The club links are situated attractively between Hollywood and the sea and the roster shows a large number of Hollywood residents. The opening of a permanent and handsome new club house at a not far distant date is an event eagerly looked forward to.

Vite Repeats Catalina Victory

For the third consecutive year the Vite, flagship of Commodore Ben P. Weston, won the South Coast Yacht Club's annual race around Catalina Island, sailed over the last week end. The elapsed time of the boat in this year's race was 24:01. The Vite was the only one of the three starters to finish, Wasp and Seamore having been forced out Saturday by rough weather. Tomorrow the South Coast yachtsmen will confine most of their activities to shore duty. Following a clambake the yacht club baseball team will meet a similar aggregation from the Los Angeles Motor Boat Club.

Yankee Girl Wins Race

Commodore John Barneson of the San Francisco Yacht Club was the guest of honor on board Vice-Commodore Mitchell's Yankee Girl when that boat won from Rear Commodore Morgan Adams' Nixie in the opening event of the Los Angeles Yacht Club's season, held last Sunday. The race, a match affair between the two boats, was unique in that the contestant yachts were allowed the use of both power and sail. But even with the aid of its new engine the Nixie was unable to hold place with the larger Yankee Girl and lost by six minutes.

Doubles Tennis Tournament

Beginning next Friday and continuing over July 4 the twenty-ninth annual doubles tournament of the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association will be held at Long Beach. The winners of this tournament will earn the right to contest as representatives of the Pacific states for the American doubles championship, which is to be decided by sectional tournaments. Entries will close Wednesday. Simpson M. Sinsabaugh will be official referee. The tournament committee is composed of Nat B. Browne, chairman, Allyn H. Barber, Thomas C. Bundy, Ward Dawson, Allan V. Duncan, Clifton B. Herd, R. H. F. Variel, Jr., A. C. Way, Claude A. Wayne.

Californian Wins Title

Willis E. Davis, the only California tennis player who made an early invasion of the east, was successful in winning the Pennsylvania state championship this week, defeating Craig Biddle of Philadelphia in the finals by a score of 5-7, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.

Awarded Championship Swim

Los Angeles has been awarded the national one-mile outdoor swimming

championship contest of the Amateur Athletic Union. In awarding the event to this city, no dates were set by the union officials, being left to the convenience of local authorities. The swim will be in rough water. It is expected to bring here all the most noted swimmers of America.

Golf Title Still Unsettled

Persistent, indeed, is the tie between Los Angeles and Midwick country clubs for honors in the scratch inter-club matches of the Southern California Golf Association. The two teams had equal percentage standings in the regular scheduled contests, so it was decided to play-off in three matches for honors. Now they are tied on play-off matches, Los Angeles winning the event held on its course and Midwick coming back surprisingly strong on its links, defeating all but one of the city players. The final match will be on a neutral course, so far not selected. Annandale is not in perfect condition just at present, the San Gabriel course is undergoing repairs and the probable selection will be Virginia. However, the final match will not be played for several weeks, in order to give Hugo Johnstone, captain of the Midwick team, an opportunity to make an eastern trip.

Cleaning Out Cooling System

"Many cooling systems are so closely proportioned that the stoppage of the fan, or sediment in the water jackets or radiator will cause the engine to over-heat and the water in the radiator to boil," says Mechanical Bulletin No. 3, entitled "Engine Overhauling," just issued by the Standard Oil Company. "Care should be taken to see that the hose used for radiator connections has not rotted and small particles of rubber entered into the cooling system; also that the formation of scale and sediment in the water jackets is not so serious as to impair radiation. An effective method of removing sediment and particles of foreign matter from the cooling system, is to fill the radiator with boiling water in which from three to five pounds of soda has been dissolved. Allow this solution to stand in the radiator and water jackets for twenty-four hours, after which it should be drained off and the system thoroughly flushed out with clean water. If this is done once a month or at least every 2,000 miles, it will keep the radiator and water jackets in efficient condition."

Magazines of the Month

Broadmindedness is a fine, stalwart quality, but carried too far it puts the possessor outside the pale of humanness. Max Eastman in the current Forum writes of "The Anti-German Hate" and names various reasons why it is excessive and misplaced. "The invasion of Belgium, after she had refused passage to the German troops, was not an unusual act in war." True enough, and that is not the burden of the complaint against Germany. It is Germany's theory of war that has put the world aghast, the practice of "frightfulness" deliberately followed, calmly named in "orders of the day," and carried to women, children and non-combatants. This is not the practice of other civilized nations and no amount of kindly feeling towards the German people per se, can obliterate that fact. Herbert Spencer's "Specialized Administration" with comments by Charles W. Eliot is the eighth of this interesting reprint.

"All signs fail in dry weather," prognosticators might say, sitting down exhausted after the unexpected happenings of the political conventions lately over. The North American Review is full of prophecies by the editor, many unfulfilled as events transpired, but interesting to read in the light of results. "Historicus" deplors the lack of action of the president over the "Lusitania," Sidney Low Discusses "English Democracy in War Times," and finds that "the cabinet does what seems good to its members, and offers no more explanation than it sees fit to give," proving that war hurls us back in political evolution as it does in every other way. It is a senseless waste. "The Peril of Espionage" by John B. Stanchfield, and "The Distribution of Incomes" by M. H. Mallock hint of interesting things. "Oh, for an income that comes in," sighed Stevenson.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND Delightful Summer Resort

BAND CONCERTS in the Amphitheater every evening July 1st to September 1st, 1916.

DANCING in the big Pavilion every evening except Sundays, July 1st to September 1st, 1916.

Admission to Band Concerts and Dancing Pavilion free to patrons of **WILMINGTON TRANSPORTATION COMPANY'S** (Banning Line) Steamers..

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Huntington Hall Graduation

Alumnae and students of Huntington Hall held their commencement exercises last week beginning with a reception given by Miss House Tuesday evening to the girls and their friends, followed by a dance. Wednesday the annual breakfast was enjoyed and later in the day the graduation exercises of class of 1916, composed of Misses Ruth Rathbun, Sabra Beaumont, Dorothy Tuthill, Ruth Whiting, Dorothy Polson, Dorothy Lackland and Madeline Marlow, took place. Dr. Freeman of Pasadena Presbyterian church made the address, telling many quaint Scotch stories. Joan d'Arc was the play chosen by the seniors, with Ruth Rathbun as Joan; Virginia Wallace as King Charles VII; Sabra Beaumont, Agnes Sorel; Dorothy Tuthill, Earl Dunois; Cornelia Beaumont, Duke of Burgundy; Helen Hinkle, Isabelle, the Queen Mother; Beatrice Stiles, Leonel Falstolfe, and Celeste Lamb in the part of Thibaut d'Arc, the father of Joan. From peasant maid to cowed monk it was a well presented conception.

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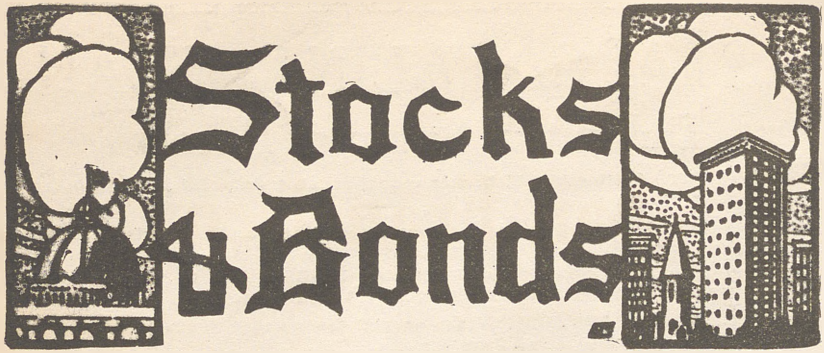
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS No. 32227

Estate of James D. Stanton, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of James D. Stanton, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the County of Los Angeles, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the office of John Beardsley, attorney for said administrator, at Room 334 Title Insurance Bldg., northeast Corner of 5th & Spring streets, Los Angeles, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of James D. Stanton, deceased, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Dated June 7, 1916.
LEWIS C. CARLISLE,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of James D. Stanton, Deceased.
John Beardsley, 334 Title Insurance Bldg., Attorney for the Administrator.



PROSPECTS of a war with Mexico, coupled with an inclination on the part of many brokers to take more interest in the Knights Templar conclave than in business, resulted in an exceedingly dull week on the Los Angeles stock exchange, with a decided tendency toward lower prices. What little trading was carried on was confined chiefly to the mining and oil issues. Big Jim, the principal Oatman trader, was soft. Wednesday it dropped from \$1.02, where it had stood for several days, to 93 cents. Ivanhoe likewise was off several points. Practically the only large mining sale was of 1200 shares of Tom Reed at \$1.45. Gilt Edge attracted a little attention but failed to gain materially in quotation. United Eastern still holds a little above \$4. Hi Henry has sold in limited quantities at 7 cents but at this writing is quoted at bid 4 cents, asked 8 cents.

Union Oil has suffered a decline of several points from the position \$80 which it maintained for several weeks. It has sold as low as \$75 this week. Associated also displayed weakness. In the industrial list Home Telephone was off in both preferred and common stocks, a condition hard to account for as provisions for the merger of the two local telephone companies seem to be developing satisfactorily. Los Angeles Investment also was weak, bank stock and bonds were absolutely inactive and a condition of caution pervaded the entire market. It has been the poorest week of the spring and early summer season.

Stock and Bond Briefs

That the Standard Oil Company of California proposes to continue the dividend rate of 10 per cent in force last year is shown by the announcement of a new quarterly dividend of \$2.50 a share. This means that stockholders will receive twice the amount that was disbursed last year, as through a 100 per cent stock dividend recently declared they are in possession of double the amount of stock they then held.

June 16 the Ford Motor Car Company had been in existence thirteen years, in which it has made the most remarkable growth of any American manufacturing concern. It was organized June 16, 1913, with a capital stock of \$100,000. Its output the first year was 1708 cars. The output for the present year of the parent factory and its branches will be 550,000 cars.

California Petroleum Corporation has declared a dividend of \$1 on the preferred stock, payable July 1.

Net earnings of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for the year ending April 30 were \$1,154,651. The surplus was \$502,496, which is equal to \$2.51 a share on the \$1,000,000 capital stock, par value \$5, as compared with \$2.39 a share earned on \$20,000,000 stock, par value \$100, in the previous year.

American Locomotive Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent on its preferred stock, payable July 21 to holders of record July 5.

Montgomery, Ward & Company will pay its usual quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent on its preferred stock July 1.

Interesting figures regarding holdings of the United States Steel Corporation have just been made public. March 31, 1914, foreign holdings of the common stock amounted to 1,285,636 shares. March 31, 1916, foreign holdings totaled but 634,469 shares, a shrinkage of approximately 50 per cent in two years. From April 1, 1915, to April 1, 1916, the number of common shareholders of record dropped from 56,825 to 41,910. This is the smallest number of stockholders in the United States Steel Corporation in many years. It is unofficially reported that more than 50 per cent of Steel common is now held by brokerage firms.

Royal Baking Powder Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent on its preferred and 2 per cent on its common stocks, payable June 30.

International Harvester Company of New Jersey has declared the regular

quarterly dividend of \$1.25 a share on its common stock, payable July 15. The dividend on the common stock of the International Harvester Corporation has been passed, as was the case three months ago.

Associated Oil Company will pay its customary dividend of 1 per cent July 15 to stock of record June 30.

Directors of the Michigan Central Railroad have declared a semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent, payable July 29. This is the same amount that was paid six months ago.

New York Central's usual quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent will be payable August 1 to stock of record July 7.

Western Union Telegraph Company has declared a quarterly dividend of 1 1/4 per cent, payable July 15.

Banks and Bankers

Cincinnati is making elaborate preparations for the 1916 convention of the American Institute of Banking, which will be held in that city September 20, 21 and 22. The Los Angeles chapter of the institute expects to send a large delegation to the convention as the name of E. G. McWilliam of the Security Trust and Savings Bank of this city will be presented as a candidate for the national presidency.

Although predictions have been frequent in Wall street that the enormous importations of gold into New York from Canada by J. P. Morgan & Company would soon stop, the importations have now reached a total of more than \$48,000,000 and the wisecracks, having changed position, now venture the opinion that it may reach \$75,000,000 before the movement is over.

Official notice of the proposed introduction of the new check clearing and collection plan, July 15, has been issued by the federal reserve banking system. It is announced that no member bank is required to use the collection system, nor are any formalities or resolutions required before it may be used. A member bank may send items for collection through the federal reserve bank regularly, occasionally, or not at all; or may collect them through present correspondents or in any other manner considered advantageous. The following items will be received from the member banks: Checks on all member banks of the federal reserve system throughout the United States. Checks on all non-member banks in the United States which can be collected by the federal reserve banks at par.

Announcement has been made of a \$50,000,000 loan by a syndicate of New York banks to the Russian government. The full amount is to be kept in this country and used as a credit balance, while 150,000,000 rubles have been deposited as credit for the American syndicate at Petrograd. The banking group behind the arrangement consists of the National City Bank of New York, the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, J. P. Morgan & Company, Kidder & Co. and Lee Higginson & Co.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Los Angeles

Knights Templar hold grand conclave in this city.

Labor riot at harbor between striking longshoremen and their substitutes.

Local companies of national guard endeavor to recruit up to full strength.

California

California National Guard mobilized in response to call of the President.

Strike of longshoremen in California to be continued.

United States

President Wilson orders mobilization of entire militia of the country.

Administration sends refusal to Carranza's demand that United States troops be withdrawn from Mexico.

American soldiers reported killed by Mexicans from ambush.

Republican and Democratic parties perfecting campaign plans.

Foreign

Russians continue victories in advance against Austrians.

Italians claim repulse of Austrian attacks.

Germans start counter-offensive to offset Russian drive.

Desperate German attacks in vicinity of Verdun continue.

GENERAL INSURANCE NEWS

TWO hundred persons attended the annual picnic of the Los Angeles Life Underwriters' Association held last Saturday, drank soda pop, ate an al fresco luncheon, ran races, played baseball and enjoyed a real holiday, for the managers of the affair had thoughtfully selected an isolated spot, Verdugo Canyon, and as all those present were amply protected as regards life policies there was no occasion for the ambitious agent to seek to mix business with pleasure. The affair was in charge of the Los Angeles branch agency of the Equitable Life, George A. Rathbun, manager.

Notice has been received by J. Karl Lobdell, manager of the Los Angeles branch office of the Aetna Accident and Liability Company that the Aetna Life and affiliated companies will allow leaves of absence at full pay to any employees who desire to enlist in the militia or for the citizen's military training camps and that the positions of all such employees will be held open for them until their return. It is probable that this action will be followed by other of the large insurance companies.

George H. Page, who for the last three years has been agency director for the New York Life at Calgary, Alberta, has been appointed agency director for the Los Angeles branch office of the Western States Life. He will assume his new duties July 1. Mr. Page has made an enviable record as an agent and agency director in St. Paul, Sioux City and Calgary.

H. R. Jackson of this city has been elected president of the Field Men's Club of Southern California and Arizona. Other officers chosen are C. H. Gatchell, first vice-president; H. E. O'Brien, second vice-president; W. M. Stodghill, treasurer; J. S. Suydam, secretary; B. C. Fischer, assistant secretary.

At the University of California summer school one of the new courses of lectures will include an address by William Leslie on "Social Insurance in Relation to the Public Health" and five addresses by Dr. Isaac Marx on insurance in relation to sickness, unemployment and old age.

Several state insurance departments have recently called upon the fire insurance companies for a statement of the largest gross amount insured on any one hazard in the United States without any deduction for re-insurance. The largest amounts reported were as follows: Liverpool & London & Globe, \$807,000; Queen, \$699,000; Royal, \$695,000; German American, \$611,500; Home, \$600,000; Norwich Union, \$545,000; North British & Mercantile, \$500,000, and Aetna, \$400,000.

CERTIFICATE OF BUSINESS

State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, under the firm name and style of Durlay & Co., with offices at Room No. 201, in the Union Oil Building, corner of Seventh and Spring streets, in said City of Los Angeles, the former name of such partnership having been Hamilton & Durlay and John J. Hamilton having withdrawn therefrom.

That the names in full of all members of this partnership are Ella Hamilton Durlay and John H. Durlay.

That the places of our respective residences are set opposite our respective names hereto subscribed.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 23rd day of May, 1916.

Ella Hamilton Durlay, residing at 4114 Raymond Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

John H. Durlay, residing at 616 South Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of May, 1916.

(Seal) A. B. SHAW, Jr.

Notary Public, in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Filed, May 23, 1916, H. J. Leland, County Clerk.

By C. C. Crippen, Deputy.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,

May 9, 1916.

Non-Coal 028745

Notice is hereby given that William Rogers, whose post-office address is c/o Los Angeles Examiner, Los Angeles, Calif., did, on the 14th day of April, 1916, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 028745, to purchase the NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 2, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100, the stone estimated at \$50 and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of July, 1916, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JOHN D. ROCHE,

No withdrawals. Register.

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C ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK N. W. Cor. Fifth and Spring.	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000; Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.
H IBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg. Spring and Fourth.	GEORGE CHAFFEY, President. GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier. Capital, \$325,000.00. Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.
N ATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.
C OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.	W. A. BONYNGE, President. MALCOLM CROWE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.
F IRST NATIONAL BANK S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits \$20,000,000.
F ARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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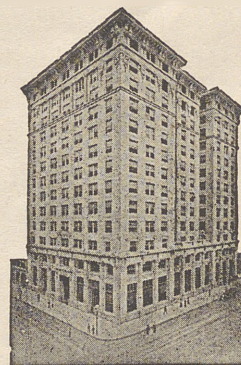
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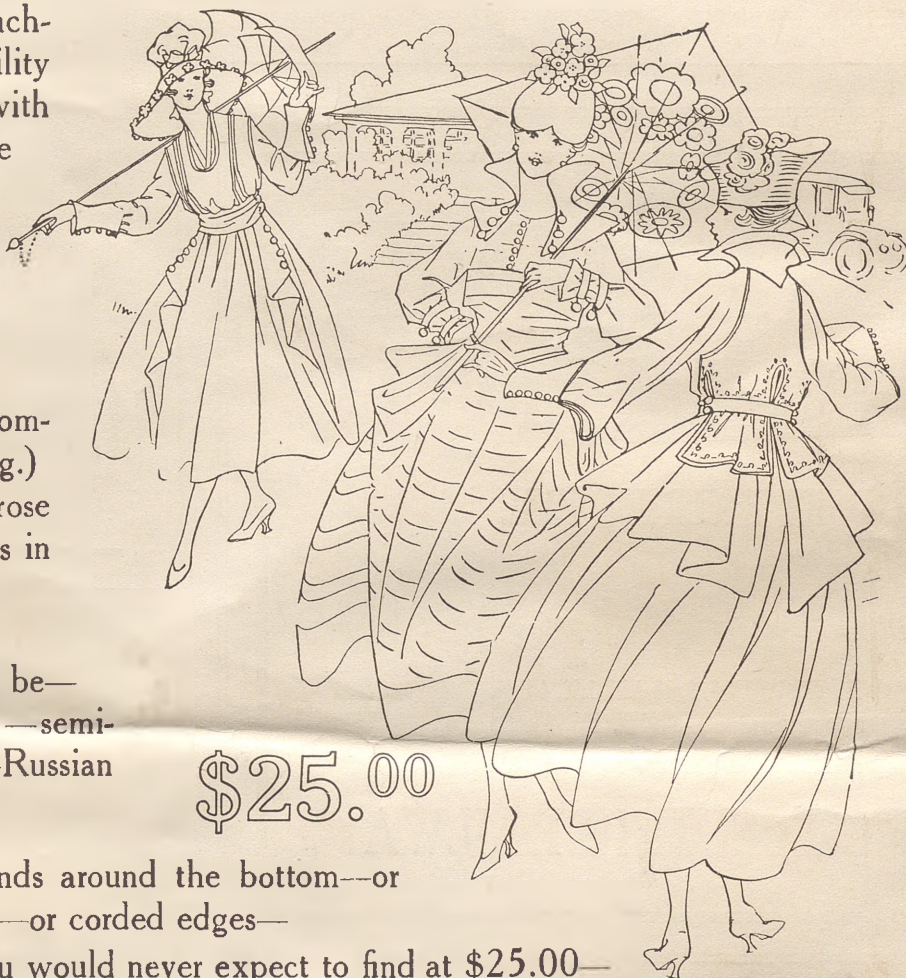
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